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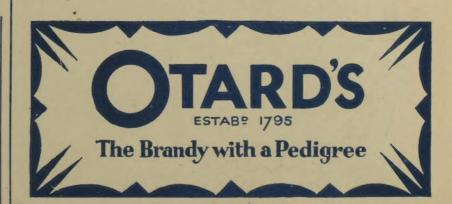
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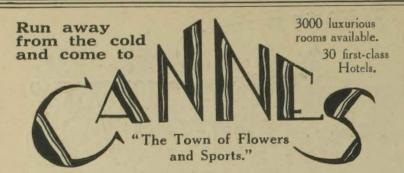


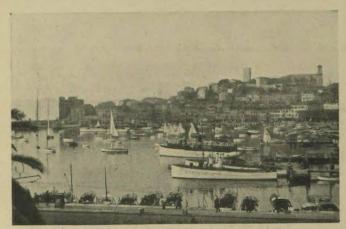
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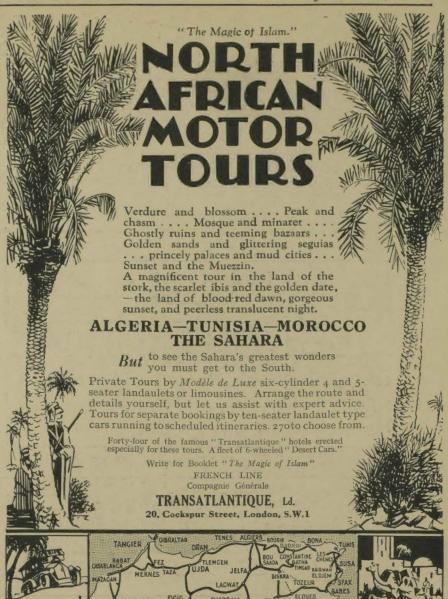
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1930.

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ANOTHER MASTERPIECE TO BE SOLD: ROMNEY'S "THE HON. MRS. DAMER."

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has announced that he finds himself forced to sell certain of the family heirlooms, in order to satisfy the tax-collector. The sale of the selected pictures will be by private purchase, and made through Messrs. Spink and Son. Amongst the masterpieces that are likely to change owners is this very fine Romney, painted in 1779. The Hon. Mrs. Anne Seymour Damer was the daughter of Field-Marshal Conway. She was born in 1749 and married the Hon. John Damer,

From the Picture by Grosse Romey. Response by Counter of Messrs. Spink the School of the first Lord Milton, in June 1767. After her husband's death, in 1776, she occupied herself with literature and sculpture. On the death of her cousin, Horace Walpole, in 1797, she inherited Strawberry Hill. She died in London in 1828, and was buried at Sundridge, Kent. She

From the Picture by George Romney. Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, King Street, St. James's.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN Rome a man feels suddenly the paradox of the Renaissance. It was a Christian miracle if it called up a Pagan god. It was in itself a Christian notion that, if the dead could return, they would not be shadows from Hades, but human beings from Heaven or Hell. But as a fact, of course, the god who rose again was not pagan. He could not be, since he was carved by Christians, even by bad and blasphemous Christians. Something that had not been in heathen antiquity had entered the very blood and bones of the human race; and it entered equally into the stone and clay of all that the human race could make. Without it, even the worst of men would now have felt suddenly cold and strange, like fishes or rather like fossils. To be a Greek god was as impossible as to be a fossil, though

The examples are obvious. Many people must have pointed out that Michael Angelo was really more like Michael the Angel than Apollo the Archer. It was not for nothing that his very name is Hebrew and Greek as well as Italian. Everyone must have noticed that there is, in some mysterious way, more colour in the monochrome marbles and bronzes of the Renaissance than in many of the cold, clay-like pigments that were called colours in the pagan houses of Pompeii. Even where the work is materially a matter of light and shade, it is not something put down in black and white: the light is richer and the shadow glows. Of course, a great part of the problem here is connected with modern religious controversies. Because modern pagans wanted to go back to paganism, in the sense of destroying Christianity, they said that the sixteenth-century artists wanted it too, though there was not one of them that would not have drawn a sword or dagger and destroyed the critic who told him that he wanted to destroy the Cross. Benvenuto Cellini would have been as prompt as Giotto, for the Christian Church is not made for good men, but for men.

both might be beautiful mouldings or even beautiful models in stone. To be completely heathen was no longer to be completely

The difficulty of history is that historians seldom see the simple things, or even the obvious things, because they are too simple and obvious. It is sometimes said of the pictures of the Renaissance artists, especially of the pictures of Rubens, that we ought to stand far back in order to take in the whole stupendous design, and not be annoyed because some detail is technically careless or emotionally coarse. It is probably true of more than one Renaissance picture of the Resurrection; and it is certainly true of that general Resurrection that is called the Renaise. There has been too much bickering bits of the astonishing business; too much casuistry about whether this or that painter in this or that point surrendered to heathenism, or merely to human nature. The whole story consists of two staggering truths. First, that these men did really raise the dead. They did call up all heathenism, which might seem about as safe as calling up all hell. And, second, that they did really in a manner convert and christen the dead; that they did baptise all that bodily

the dead; that they did baptise all that bodily manifestation and materialisation into the body of Christ. Even when it had been and was no more, it did become something that it had not been. They paraded before the world a wild hypothetical pageant of what old Greece and Rome would have been if they had not been pagan. To do this with any dead society is an amazing achievement. To copy the old body in any case is amazing; to copy the old body, and also put in a new soul, is amazing beyond praise, beyond question, and certainly beyond quibbling. The fact is so familiar that it has ceased to amaze; the only chance of conveying it would be to take

some fantastic parallel in modern and ancient things. We should be mildly surprised to hear that the English in Egypt had reconstructed for themselves the ancient Egyptian civilisation; that all the proclamations of Lord Lloyd had been carved on obelisks in Egyptian hieroglyphics; that Lord Cromer had been preserved on the premises in the form of a mummy; or that Lord Kitchener at Cairo had religiously gone the round of worshipping a series of stuffed cats. But we should be surprised, with something less of mildness, if we were told that all this was done in such a way as to cause no embarrassment, or even amusement, to the English gentlemen who were doing it; and who managed to do it without the least sense that their



THE NEW RULER OF NEPAL: GENERAL HIS HIGHNESS SIR BHIM SHUMSHERE JUNG, K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O.

SHUMSHERE JUNG, K.C.V.O.

In the independent Kingdom of Nepal, the King is regarded as too sacred to be harassed by worldly affairs, and the task of ruling falls to the hereditary Prime Minister and Marshal. The late Prime Minister, Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung, who died in November, has been succeeded in office by his brother, Sir Bhim Shumshere Jung, a most able administrator who has shown the greatest friendship for this country, and emphasised that friendship when speaking at the Tangal Durbar on the occasion of the succession ceremonies in Khatmandu, saying: "It is a matter for much felicitation that the friendship of Nepal with our neighbour the mighty British Government continues as cordial as ever. I shall try my best to foster and improve this much esteemed and traditional friendship. We count it as a priceless asset in our national existence." We should add that in our last issue, misled by "hereditary," we said that the late Prime Minister had been succeeded by a son.

As noted here, it is a brother who has succeeded him.

code of manners was altered, or that their religion, when they had any, was suffering neglect. Just as it would be a remarkable thing for men to become ancient Egyptians and yet remain modern Englishmen, so it was a remarkable thing when these men became ancient Greeks and yet remained mediæval Christians.

There are many morals to the story; but one must be manifest in the mere word I have used. If the mediæval religion had really been such a silly superstition as some of its simpler enemies represent, it quite certainly would have been swallowed up for

ever in such an earthquake of enlightenment as the great Renaissance. The fact that the vision of a superb and many-sided human culture did not disturb the fundamental ideas of these late mediæval Christians has a simple explanation: that the ideas are true. The application of these true ideas in mediæval times had been very much hampered by local ignorance and feudal prejudice. But the truths were so true that they would have survived, in really thinking men, through ten Renaissances and twenty Revivals of Learning. We see this vividly in the intensely intellectual character of the religious conviction in men like Michael Angelo and even Leonardo da Vinci. Nobody knew better than they that Christianity is really wiser, and even wider, than Pagan-

ism; that Aquinas was not only better but broader than Aristotle. Not from such men came the clumsy denials of the deep dogmas of the Faith. Michael Angelo was not the of the Faith. Michael Angelo was not the man to dispute that the truly divine humanity would be crucified; nor could Raphael be reckoned on for a breezy protest against the respect felt for the Madonna. But if the whole thing had been a dirty asceticism of the desert, the mere monkey tricks of the Manichees, it would have fallen like filthy rags from men who had seen the grace of the Greek athletes. If it had been only a worship of dolls with tinsel crowns, it would have looked a paltry and pigmy affair in the presence of the great head of Jupiter. But the real men of the Renaissance knew that, as a matter of fact, there was much more humanity in the rules for the brethren gathered by St. Francis than in the rules for the boys beaten before the altar of Diana; and that, as a matter of fact, the Church had a much more logical idea about the exact position of Jesus in Heaven than the heathens had ever had about the exact position of Jupiter on Olympus. It was the intellectual of the creed that preserved it through any revolution of æsthetic values, just as it preserves it still amid the wildest changes in æsthetic taste to-day. Michael Angelo went on being a Christian then, just as Mr. Eric Gill goes on being a Christian now, because a man may be original without being separated from the origins; and because a man may be able to think, even if he can also draw.

I would not be provocative, but I think this rather neglected truth is due to these great artists, when so many people imagine them to have been Pagans and some can even imagine them as Puritans. It seems clear to me that those despised mediæval superstitions, suited only for barbarians like Dante and St. Francis, were exactly the ideas that did remain rooted in the most civilised centres of the world, when they were disputed in the more barbarous provinces. When we consider how exciting the destructive quest of the intellect really is (though it is generally people totally devoid of intellect who say so), it is really rather remarkable that there was comparatively so little of it in these great adventurers, who were devoted to the creative quest of the imagination. When we consider how wild they often were in the matter of morals (though it is generally the sort of moderns who have no morals at all who darkly denounce the

ally the sort of moderns who have no morals at all who darkly denounce the immorality of these later men of the mediæval decline) it is really rather remarkable that they kept as much as they did of the faith from which the morals grew—or ought to have grown. When we consider that it really is a fact (though the first fool in the street will tell you so) that scepticism had begun to appear here and there even among priests and bishops, it is really singular, upon the balance, that it had not appeared more among painters and sculptors. We may talk, as they sometimes may have talked, about reviving the gods of Greece. But Moses is Moses and David is David, and a Pagan would have stood puzzled before them.

HAPPENINGS AND **PERSONALITIES** OF THE WEEK.

THE Douglas Company's steamer " Haiching," bound from Swatow to Hong-Kong, was attacked at 1.30 a.m. on December 8, by a gang of Chinese pirates who mingled with the 350 Chinese passengers. They obtained access to the grille-protected area through a coal-bunker, and, shooting the engine-guards while asleep, at-tempted to rush the bridge, but were repelled by the gallant defence of the Captain and officers and Indian guards. In the fierce
[Continued opposite.

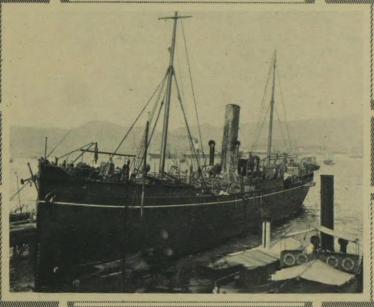


SOME GALLANT DEFENDERS OF THE S.S. "HAICHING" AGAINST CHINESE PIRATES: (L. TO R.) A. F. JOHNSON (2ND OFFICER), O. H. FARROW (CAPTAIN), F. C. DUXON (CHIEF ENGINEER), E. KEWELL (2ND ENGINEER), AND A. DE MELLO (3RD ENGINEER).

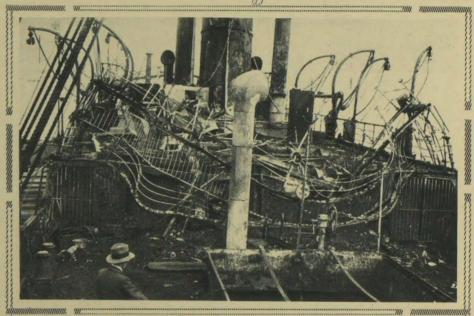
PICTORIAL NOTES ON PROMINENT PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

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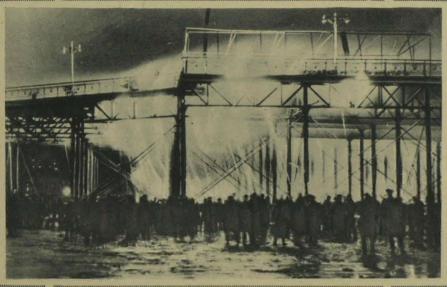
fighting that ensued, the Third Officer, Mr. K. A. Woodward, was shot dead by a pirate, and the First Officer, Mr. R. Perry, who killed this pirate, was wounded. The pirates then set fire to a cabin below the bridge, which was rapidly becoming untenable when two British destroyers ("Sterling" and "Sirdar") arrived in answer to a wireless call. The fire was put out, all the Chinese were arrested, and the " Haiching" was escorted to Hong-Kong. The death-roll was about 30.



THE FIRE-DAMAGED "HAICHING" AT HONG-KONG AFTER ATTEMPTED PIRACY THWARTED BY "THE SPIRITED RESISTANCE OF THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS AND EXCELLENT ANTI-PIRATICAL ORGANISATION."



SHOWING PART OF THE ANTI-PIRATICAL PROTECTIVE GRILLE AFTER THE FIRE:
REMAINS OF THE "HAICHING'S" BURNT BRIDGE SEEN WHILE SHE WAS PROCEEDING
TO HONG-KONG ESCORTED BY BRITISH DESTROYERS.



A FIRE VISIBLE ACROSS THE BRISTOL CHANNEL: THE BURNING OF THE PIER PAVILION

pavilion on the Grand Pier at Weston-super-Mare was completely destroyed, with surrounding sement-booths and part of the pier itself, by a fire that broke out on the evening of January 13. en first discovered, the outbreak was small enough to have been quenched by a few buckets of er, but, as the pier was closed for the winter, the water-supply had been cut off at the shore. When the fire brigade arrived, the flames, fanned by the gale, were sweeping through the pavilion, and were visible from Cardiff.



SCENE OF THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW-UP THE VICEROY THE SPOT WHERE A BOMB EXPLODED UNDER HIS TRAIN AT DELHI, On December 23, it will be recalled, a bomb was exploded beneath the Viceroy' train as it approached New Delhi. The two sleepers in the centre mark the exact spot where the bomb was laid, 2 ft. under the rails, and connected by wire with an electric battery 300 yards away. Beyond the rails can be seen the old rail with a 2 ft. 4 in. gap blown out. The damage was quickly repaired, and this photograph, taker shortly afterwards, shows a constable on guard. The embaltment here is 30 ft. high



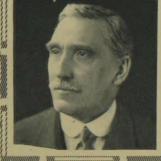
CARL HENTSCHEL Inder of the Playgoers' (
O.P. Club. On Court of Comuncil. Original of Harris
"Three Men in a Boat."



SIR LAWRENCE WEAVER.



MR. SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. astronomer, with his own observatory at Bramley, Leeds. Value contributor of astronomical drawings to this paper for fifteen year



Died January 13, aged sixty-five.
Pioneer of electric supply. Born / vat Liverpool. Formerly Engineer / of the London Electric Supply Corporation. President of Institution of Electrical Engineers, 1910-11.



THE 8TH DUKE OF GRAFTON land. Formerly in the Coldstream Guards. J.P. and D.L. for Suffotk.

DAMAGE TO A FAMOUS 14TH - CENTURY STRUCTURE IN EXETER: A SIDE OF THE CASTELLATED
PART OF THE BISHOPS' PALACE, WHICH ADJOINS THE CATHEDRAL, BLOWN DOWN.



DAMAGE CAUSED BY A FALLING CHIMNEY-STACK AT "OAKSIDE," EAGLE LANE, SNARESBROOK:
THE WRECKED BED-ROOM IN WHICH DR. W. H. A. PRATTS SON, TOW, WAS ASLEEP,
AND FROM WHICH HE WAS RESCUED UNINJURED



AN EFFECT OF
THE GALE AT
NEWTON
ABBOT, IN
DEVONSHIRE:
THE WRECKED
CLOCK OVER
LLOYD'S BANK,
A SLIGHT, BUT
VERY SIGNIFICANT, SIGN OF
THE GREAT
STERNORTH OF
THE WIND.



THE COUNTRY SWEPT BY YET

SUNK SOME THIRTY MILES NORTH-WEST OF USHANT; WITH A LOSS OF

23 LIVES: H.M. TUG "ST. GENNY," OF THE FLEET TARGET SERVICE.

THE WEEK END STORM

WHERE A CHIMNEY FELL ON TO THE ROOF AND PENETRATED TO A FIRST-FLOOR ROOM:
A WRECKED ROOM IN A HOUSE IN MILLBROOK ROAD, BRIXTON.

The devastating storm on January 12 added yet another great gale to those which have swept the country of late. In this connection, it is interesting to recall that the Weather Correspondent of "The Times" remarked the other day that the frequency and intensity of gales since the beginning of October almost certainly surpass anything experienced in the present century.

Gales (winds with an average speed of over thirty-eight miles an hour) were reported on fifteen days in October, on sixteen days in November, on twenty-three days in December, and this month (up to the 13th) on nine days. Such wind-speeds as 110, 102, 97, and 94 miles an hour were registered during the period in question. With regard to certain of our illustrations, we give the following notes: (1) At Exerce nos dec of the castellated part of the fourteenth-centure Bishops' Palace was blown down, so that masonry to the weight of several tons fell to the ground. (2) A chimney-stack at "Oakside," the house of Dr. W. H. A. Pratt, in Eagle Lane, Sarresbrook, crashed into the bed-room in which the occupant's son, Tour, was saleep. The boy was recoused by his father, with considerable difficulty. (4) I was appropried by the Admirgity on I languary 13, that H.M. Tw. "St. Genny." of the Fleet Target Service, attached to the

ANOTHER FURIOUS GALE: THAT CAUSED DEATHS.



AT THE CORNER OF GARRATT LANE, TOOTING: THE PREMISES OVER



DURING THE
WRECKED
BED-ROOM IN
WHICH MR.
AND MRS.
FREDERICK
BATES-BOTH
AGED SIXTYTWO-WERE
KILLED
WHEN THE
ROOF OF
THEIR
COTTAGE
COLLAPSED
IN BOWDERY
LANE.



WHERE MR. ALBERT SMITH WAS KILLED BY A FALLING TREE WHILE ADVANCING DESPITE HIS WIFE'S WARNING: THE AMBULANCE HELD UP BY FALLEN TREES IN GADEBRIDGE PARK.



THE SCENE OF AN AMAZING ESCAPE IN GRAVESEND: THE COT IN WHICH TWO-YEAR-OLD BETTY CROSS WAS SLEEPING WHEN A CHIMNEY CRASHED THROUGH THE ROOF AND SMASHED IT, WITHOUT HURTING THE CHILD.



SHOWING THE WRECKED BEDSTEAD: THE ROOM, IN THE COTTAGE IN BOWDERY LANE, HIGH WYCOMBE, IN WHICH MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK BATES WERE KILLED.



Atlantic Fleet, had sunk in a gale at approximately 8.20 p.m. on the Sunday evening, about thirty-two miles north-west of Ushant, with a loss of twenty-three lives. The "St. Cenny" was of about 425 tons gross, with a length of 135 feet. (5) Miss Hoare, of Southchurch Avenue, Southend-on-See, was about to go to bed on January 12, when a large chimney-stack crashed

through the roof of Mr. H. Hoar's house, smashing the girls empty bed and other pieces of furniture. (6) In Millbrook Road, Brixton, a chimney fell on to the roof of a house and through into a room on the first floor. Fortunately, no one was injured. (7) In the case of the premises shown, which are over an iron monger's shop at the corner of Carratt Lane, Tooting, the gable-end was blown out. Nobody was hurt. (8) At the moment of writing, it is known that at least fourteen people were killed on land. Amongst them were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bates, of Bowdery Lane, High Wycombe, who were buried in the ruins of their cottage when it collapsed. (10) Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith were passing through an avenue of trees in Gadebridge Park, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. A tree tottered Mr. Smith shouted to his wife to go on. She stopped. The man advanced and was killed by the tree as it collapsed.

ROYAL WEDDING PAGEANTRY IN ROME:

PICTURESQUE MOUNTS AND VEHICLES.



IN THE GREAT PROCESSION OF ITALIAN FOLK-LORE.



PEASANTS FROM BRINDISI: PARTICIPANTS IN A GREAT PARADE OF 4000 PEOPLE AND 800 ANIMALS.



"TWO-SEATER" FROM MATERA: TWO WOMEN MOUNTED PANIER-WISE ONE ON EACH SIDE OF A DONKEY.

The most wonderful pageant of a nation's life ever seen in a modern capital took place in Rome on January 7, the day before the royal wedding, in honour of the bride and bridegroom—Princess Marie-José of Belgium and Prince Humbert of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne. The procession, which was several miles



AN UMBRIAN WINE-CART: A SLOW-MOVING VEHICLE WITH RED WHEELS, DRAWN BY TWO WHITE BULLOCKS.



A HORSE AND CART FROM CATANIA, IN SICILY: AN EQUIPAGE REMARKABLE FOR THE DECORATION ON THE HORSE'S HEAD.



A PILLION-RIDER FROM CAGLIARI, IN SARDINIA: MEMBERS OF A GROUP THAT BORE A BANNER FLOWN AT LEPANTO.

long and comprised some 4000 men and women and 800 animals, took two hours to pass by before the royal party and their guests assembled in the great square before the Palace of the Quirinal. The participants had been chosen by popular vote in their several localities, and special beauty competitions had been held to select the most beautiful girls. Every phase of Italian life, in the cities and provinces and the overseas empire, was represented in this magnificent parade, which was a riot of colour as well as a historical epitome of national customs and costume. At the head of the procession, immediately after the eighteen [Continued opposite.

A GREAT PROCESSION OF ITALIAN LIFE: PARTICIPANTS IN THE PARADE ON FOOT.



REPRESENTING THE DISTRICT THAT GIVES THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM HIS TITLE: A PICTURESQUE HARVEST GROUP FROM PIEDMONT.



FROM THE VALLE D'AOSTA: CHARMING COSTUMES IN THE GREAT PAGEANT HELD IN ROME ON THE EVE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING.



OLD AGE AND YOUTHFUL BEAUTY: A HAPPY TRIO FROM NAPLES.



A BELLE OF SARDINIA IN NATIONAL COSTUME: A STRIKING HEAD-DRESS.



THE SPLENDOUR OF RICH EMBROIDERY: A GAILY DECKED TRIO FROM CAMPOBASSO.



A WARLIKE-LOOKING SHEPHERD AND A SHEPHERDESS OF NOVARA: COSTUMES OF NORTHERN ITALY.



CONTRASTS FROM FROM A DISTRICT NOTED
MASCULINITY AND FEMININE
CAMPOBASSO.



IPERS: IN THE PAGEANT TO HONOUR THE PRINCE FROM OF PIEDMONT AND HIS BRIDE: A PIEDMONTESE

Continued.]
heralds, came a picturesque contingent from Sardinia, led by the men of Cagliari, bearing proudly aloft the tattered flag used by the 400 Sardinians at the Battle of Lepanto. Close behind came groups representing Piedmont, Liguria, and the three Medicis, and when these had arrived, the Sardinians sang the Sardinian Hymn. Thus for awhile King Victor could see, separated from the rest, groups from regions intimately associated with the House of Savoy. Many of the other sections showed typical marriage ceremonies of their respective districts. Others represented scenes of everyday life, or of local industries, as well as a great variety of vehicles and

modes of travel. There were, for example, slow-moving wine-carts, with red wheels, from Umbria, drawn by huge white bullocks with red-and-gold tassels dangling from their heads; there were bridal carts from Ascoli, and marriage sleighs from Venice. Sardinians rode by on horseback with women riding pillion, and from Matera were women riding in paniers on a donkey. Shepherds from the Alban Hills, in sheepskin trousers and playing bagpipes, looked as if they might have stepped out of one of Virgil's Eclogues. Other pipers came from Calabria and Campobasso. Such were a few phases of a pageant unsurpassed in brilliance.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE VATICAN VISITS; AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



THE VISIT OF THE NEWLY-WEDDED PAIR TO THE POPE, AFTER THE CEREMONY IN THE PAULINE CHAPEL OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE: THE CROWN PRINCE HUMBERT AND HIS BRIDE PRAYING IN ST. PETER'S AFTER THEIR AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS.



THE VISIT OF THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY TO THE POPE ON JANUARY 7: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE DUKE OF BRABANT; PRINCESS MARIE-JOSÉ (THE BRIDE); KING ALBERT; QUEEN ELIZABETH; PRINCESS ASTRID, DUCHESS OF BRABANT; AND THE COUNT OF FLANDERS.



ILLUMINATIONS IN HONOUR OF THE WEDDING: THE FOUNTAIN IN THAT GREAT SQUARE, THE PIAZZA DELL' ESEDRA, BRILLIANTLY LIT UP.



ILLUMINATIONS IN HONOUR OF THE WEDDING: THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN THE PIAZZA DELL' ESEDRA (OR, DELLE TERME) LIT UP.



THE ROYAL SHOOTING-PARTY ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF YORK: H.R.H. (FOURTH FROM RIGHT) WITH THE BRIDEGROOM; THE KING OF ITALY (SEVENTH FROM RIGHT); AND PRINCESS EUDOXIA OF BULGARIA (SECOND FROM RIGHT).



FAIR GUESTS AT THE HISTORIC WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE PAULINE CHAPEL OF THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL: LADIES WHO WITNESSED THE MARRIAGE—IN LIGHT DRESSES AND WEARING HEAD-DRESS VEILS OF FINE LACE.

After the wedding ceremony in the Pauline Chapel, the newly-married couple, still in their bridal array, left in a closed motor-car for the Vatican. There, the Pope awaited them in the Sala del Tronetto, and there was an audience, lasting for about half an hour, at the termination of which his Holiness presented the Prince with a piece of tapestry and the Princess with a rosary. The Prince and Princess then visited Cardinal Gasparri, and later prayed in St. Peter's. On the previous day, the Belgian Royal Family, including Princess Marie-José, visited the Pope.

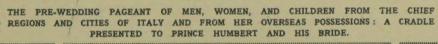
King Albert and his two sons, as our photograph shows, were in uniform, and the ladies of the royal party were dressed in black. The Duke of York, who represented his father at the wedding ceremony, arrived in Rome on the evening of January 5. On the following day, with other royal guests, he was a member of the shooting-party arranged by King Victor-Emanuel and Queen Elena, on the royal preserve at Castell Porziano, when excellent sport was enjoyed, and stags, pheasants, and wild boars were bagged.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: IN THE PAULINE CHAPEL: A PRESENTATION; AND THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.





IN THEIR WEDDING GARMENTS: THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS MARIE-JOSÉ OF BELGIUM, AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE PAULINE CHAPEL OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE ON JANUARY 8.





THE WEDDING OF HUMBERT, PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY, AND PRINCESS MARIE-JOSÉ, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: THE SCENE IN THE PAULINE CHAPEL OF THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL AS THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WERE LEAVING THE ALTAR.

The wedding of Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, Crown Prince of Italy, and Princess Marie-José, only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, was solemnised, with fitting pomp and circumstance, in the Pauline Chapel of the Palace of the Quirinal, on January 8. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, at the special designation of the Pope. The bride wore a dress of white velvet panne, made by silk manufacturers from Como. A feature of the traditional rites was the holding over the heads of the bride and bridegroom of a veil, borne by the two youngest Princes of the House of Savoy. This was withdrawn after the Prince and Princess had been pronounced man and wife.

The officiating Cardinal then read the articles of the new Italian law on matrimony, The officiating Cardinal then read the articles of the new Italian law on matrimony, as enacted since the reconciliation. He then celebrated a sung Mass. The marriage act was signed in the Hall of San Giovanni. Later, the royal party appeared on the balcony of the palace, to the great joy of the people; and, later still, the newly-wedded pair drove to the Vatican, where the Pope awaited them. With regard to the first of the pictures on this page, there is no need, in view of the fact that we illustrate the pageant on two other pages, to say more than that cradles figured frequently in the procession; while there were also in evidence many wax dolls in long clothes.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO.

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

SINCE the celebrated Conversations which took place

SINCE the celebrated Conversations which took place between President Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, at Washington, in October 1929, the explainers of daily politics have not been idle in the Old World and the New. The official communiqué which was published at the end of those Conversations—and was concise and somewhat sibylline—lent itself to was concise and somewhat sibylline—lent itself to the boldest interpretations. After examining that tractable text, the Press of the two worlds ended by concluding that the two statesmen were about to take up again, and solve, in a new spirit, that question of the Freedom of the Seas which had divided the two Anglo-Saxon Powers for over a century. An allusion to the Kellogg Pact, which the two statesmen declared to be the foundation of their common policy, seemed to justify great hopes in that direction. Finally, it was announced to us that England and the United States would settle the question of the Freedom of the Seas by giving effective sanctions to the Kellogg Pact; that is to say, they would forbid the aggressor to make use of the Sea.

that is to say, they would forbid the aggressor to make use of the sea.

These inductions were confirmed for a time by certain more or less reliable indiscretions. Was there a reaction after the publication of the communiqués? Were the eyes of those who examined the text of the communiqués dazzled by the desire to find in them what was not really there? Today, when the Conference in London is about to open, we know that the interpreters had gone too far, and that we must reduce considerably the hopes that were entertained during the first weeks.

open, we know that the interpreters had gone too far, and that we must reduce considerably the hopes that were entertained during the first weeks.

The United States do not abandon their old point of view on the application of the Kellogg Pact. They continue to refuse their agreement to any coercion being applied to the aggressive States. They count exclusively, for the execution of the Pact, on the force of public opinion and on the growth of the will for Peace. They have not renounced the doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas which they have defended for a century past; but they have consented not to raise that point at the next Conference. The object of the Conference will be limited and concise; it will be to make a serious effort to reduce future armaments and, if possible, present armaments also. Outside the technical question of armaments, the United States have limited themselves to letting us know, by means of a speech by President Hoover, that they would be in favour of excluding food-stuffs from the list of contraband articles. The naval Powers must give up using famine as a weapon of war, and engage to respect vessels which carry provisions even as they do those which belong to the Red Cross.

But President Hoover submitted this idea to

Cross.

But President Hoover submitted this idea to the world as an experiment, without making it an official article of the Conference. We are still in the field of theory. What are we to think of this attitude of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers? Everyone is agreed that, with modern fleets and armies, the "judgments of God" have become too expensive. They exact too much blood and money. Waged with such powerful materials, wars now ruin both conquered and conquerors; they are like those lawsuits in which the value of the contested object is absorbed ten times over by the cost of Justice; and for one question which they contrive to solve they create ten much more serious ones. If the civilised States of the modern world do not wish to be destroyed by the excess of their strength, they must renounce war and solve their differences by some other method, or endeavour to diminish the sacrifices which war imposes, and lead it back to the humanitarian proportions that obtained in old days, thus reestablishing a certain balance between the sacrifices which war imposes and the importance of the problem which it can solve. There are, therefore, only two solutions to the question of war as it is propounded to Europe and America in our day: either suppression or limitation. But it is also evident that the attitude of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers is to-day somewhat undecided between these two solutions. But President Hoover submitted this idea to

evident that the attitude of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers is to-day somewhat undecided between these two solutions.

In declaring that the Kellogg Pact is the foundation of their common policy, England and the United States appear to adopt the radical solution: the suppression of war. By refusing to give the Kellogg Pact coercive sanctions, in trying to reduce the naval forces of the world, by complicated and minute plans, by starting the idea of

respecting the food-stuffs of the belligerents in the same way that the service of the Red Cross is respected, the two Anglo-Saxon Powers are endeavouring to limit war and bring it back to the more humane proportions which it formerly enjoyed. But limiting war by a system of humanitarian rules is to admit its possibility and its legality; at least in certain cases. If war is outlawed it is useless to limit it. It is probable that this contradictory effort



INAUGURATING THE NEW SERVICE OF PICTURE-TELEGRAPHY BETWEEN LONDON AND BERLIN: THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL (MR. H. B. LEES-SMITH, ON LEFT) SENDING THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH-A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).



SHOWING THE EXCELLENT RESULTS OBTAINABLE BY THE NEW PICTURE-TELEGRAPHY SYSTEM: THE GERMAN REPRODUCTION OF THE PHOTO-GRAPH SHOWN IN THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS PAGE AFTER IT HAD BEEN TRANSMITTED TO BERLIN FROM LONDON.

IT HAD BEEN TRANSMITTED TO BERLIN FROM LONDON.

The new service of picture-telegraphy between Great Britain and Germany was opened on January 7 with an exchange of photographs and greetings between the Postmaster-General, Mr H. B. Lees-Smith, and the German Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Dr. Schätzel. The proceedings in London took place at the Central Telegraph Office, where the Postmaster-General set in motion the cylinder round which his missive had been fastened. Transmission was completed in twenty minutes, and shortly afterwards the photograph and message received from Berlin were developed and printed. Both the British and German messages expressed the hope that the new service would form a link of friendship. After the inauguration the service was opened to the public at the rate of 2½d, per square centimetre, with a minimum charge of £1 (allowing 15 square inches). A long telegram to Germany is cheaper when transmitted in facsimile than if sent by the old method. The system can also be used for transmitting cheques and legal documents, newspaper illustrations. architects' plans, and so on. A leaflet with details is obtainable at any post-office.

in two divergent directions will rather weaken the actions

in two divergent directions will rather weaken the actions of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers. Are we to be surprised at it, or to forget it? The problem is so great, and, above all, so new, that it will require many attempts, oscillations, and mistakes before we find the way of salvation. It is a new experience on which humanity is entering. We have to solve a problem which has never before been propounded, without assistance from the Past, a problem whose conflicting interests are numerous, and the possible repercussions of all the attempted solutions of which are most complex! What doctrine, what Power, what nation; what Party, what man could have the illusion of possessing the secret of the future?

We must make the attempt at the risk of contradicting ourselves. In 1928 the world, by signing the Kellogg Pact, decided to suppress war. Tomorrow a part of the world, the most powerful part, is about to discuss in London certain means for limiting war. It is not a step backwards. The two alternative solutions, suppression and limitation, offer so many advantages, inconveniences, and, above all, enigmas, that the definite choice must be preceded by multiple experiments. One may even go further and affirm that limitation would be in itself a more natural solution of the problem than suppression. We must not believe that men were unreasonable until the 1st of January, 1928, when fifty-six nations signed the Kellogg Pact. If there have been so many wars in history, it is because war also, under certain conditions, was a means of solving questions which, otherwise, it would have been either too difficult or impossible to solve. If the solutions which war gives to these questions is often clumsy, the imperfection of human nature makes them tolerable. Men throughout all the preceding centuries contented themselves with those solutions, because they were not capable of finding better ones.

The world has progressed greatly, especially from the intellectual and moral point of view, during the last three or four centuri

from the intellectual and moral point of view, during the last three or four centuries. Reason, Right, and Justice count in human affairs now more than they counted in old days. We may hope that their power over human minds will grow, to the detriment of force. But, in actual fact, neither Europe nor America is, as yet, Plato's ideal Republic, governed by sages! Even in the ditte of humanity the dark heritage of Adam persists; gross and violent passions which are among those which force alone can tame sometimes overpower discipline and reason. The events which have recently taken place on the Chinese and Russian frontiers show us how war waged with limited means between adversaries who are not too obstinate may still serve to solve questions. In 1929 there was a war in the Far East between the Soviet Republic and one of the revolutionary Governments of China, a war which lasted for three months, even if the two belligerents did not "declare" it. The Kellogg Pact was violated by Russia and China in spirit if not in form. But if, as it seems, China and Russia have come to an agreement, that war will have solved one question, at least for a certain time, very quickly and without upsetting the world. Why?

Because the war was fought between two feeble adversaries. Neither Russia nor China could make a great effort. Neither one nor the other could obstinately demand what their adversary could only have given after desperate resistance. It is under these conditions, as an effort which is capable of limiting itself, that war may return to the normal phenomenon of History. But there also appears the rock against which the efforts of the Great Powers to limit war might fling themselves. It was easy for China and Russia, as it was for the various States in old days, to levy, so to say, a reasonable war: the limitation of the effort was imposed by the weakness of the two adversaries. But it is much more difficult to limit the effort when one possesses force and can abuse it. Passions become inflamed, and the accepted rule

PICTURE-TELEGRAPHY: HOW THE NEW "MIRACLE" OF SCIENCE WORKS.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the Kind Assistance of the G.P.O. (Copyrighted.) (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)



HOW PHOTOGRAPHS, DRAWINGS, AND DOCUMENTS CAN NOW BE CABLED BETWEEN LONDON AND BERLIN: MECHANISM OF PICTURE-TELEGRAPHY.

As noted on the opposite page, a public service for the transmission of pictures between Great Britain and Germany was opened on January 7. A picture for transmission must not exceed 10 inches by 7 inches, and may be handed in at any post office. The apparatus employed is the Siemens-Karolus system, which sends the picture by means of a spot of light which is focussed on the picture. The portion of the image under this minute spot of light is reflected to a photoelectric cell, which converts the varying shades of light that it receives from the picture—into electrical impulses of varying intensity. The receiver is provided with a Kerr cell, which, in conjunction with two Nicol prisms, electrically controls

the amount of light focussed on a photographic film, so that the impulses received from the transmitter are converted by the cell and prisms into tones, and when the film is developed the resultant print will be an exact reproduction of the original picture. The picture is formed by the spot of light at both transmitting and receiving ends working exactly in unison. Cylinders revolve the picture at the transmitting end, and the film at the receiving end, and the up (or down) movement of the spot of light causes the whole area to be traversed, and thus reconstructs the picture at the receiving end in exceedingly fine spiral lines invisible to the unaided human eye.

THE "CROWN" OF OUR CHIEF ROMAN MONUMENT GIVEN

MAP (BASED ON THE ORDNANCE SURVEY, BY PERMISSION OF H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE) REPROPUED FROM "Manager



A MAP SHOWING THE WHOLE LENGTH OF HADRIAN'S GREAT WALL ACROSS NORTHERN BRITAIN, FROM WALLSEND-ON-TYNE TO BOWNESS ON THE SOLWAY FIRTH
AND THE VALLUM (OR EARTHWORK) RUNNING PARALLEL AND



WHERE THE ROMAN GARRISON OF FORT BORCOVICIUM ARE SAID TO HAVE PER'FORMED THEIR ABLUTIONS: THE "OFFICERS" BATH" (IN BACKGROUND) FROM WHICH
WATER FLOWED THROUGH A GULLY TO A LARGER BATH FOR THE MEN.



"ONE OF THE FINEST PIECES OF MASONRY ON THE LINE OF THE WALL ": THE MORTH GATE AT FORT BORCOVICIUM (HOUSESTEADS), WITH THE WALL BEYOND CROSSING A WOODED HILL TO SEWINGSHELDS CRASSING A WOODED HILL TO SEWINGSHELDS CRASS IN THE DISTANCE.



SOLID ROMAN MASONRY EIGHT FEET THICK AND ORIGINALLY AT LEAST TWELVE FEET HIGH: A SECTION OF HADRIAN'S WALL NEAR STEEL RIGG—SHOWING THE OUTER (NORTHERN) SIDE OF THE WALL (FACING TO THE LEFT).



"LIKE THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, THE WALL DISREGARDS OBSTACLES, CLIMBS HILLS, AND CROSSES VALLEYS AND STREAMS": HADRIAN'S WALL SEEN FROM CUDDY'S CRAG (ST. CUTHEBER'S CRAG), LOOKING EAST TOWARDS DORCOVICIUM.

The finest Roman fort on Hadrain's Wall—that of Housestead's (the ancient Borcovicium, or Borcovicius), in Northumberland, near Hexhami—has been presented to the National Trust by Mr. J. M. Clayton, a descendant of John Clayton, the well-known antitiourly who took a leading part in establishing, by excavation and research, the history of this greatest relie of Roman rule in Britain, and himself acquired and preserved as much of it as he could. The whole Wall, it may be recalled, was recently scheduled as an ancient monument by the Office of Works. Mr. Clayton's gift comprises nearly a mile of the wall, on either side of the fort, and including the Housesteads mile-castle, the most perfectly preserved of the Roman castella (small forts about 20 yards square) built along the wall at intervals of a Roman mile, or seven furiongs. Parallel to the Wall on the south side is the vallum—an earthwork consisting of a deep ditch between mounds—and a Roman miltary road. The beauty of Fort Borcovicium is that it stands on a hill-top at 800 ft, commanding a wide stretch of Border moorinand and crags, contrasting with the fort of Clitrorum in a valley. Records inclinate that in Roman times Borcovicium was garrisoned by the first cohort of Tungrians

TO THE NATION: THE FINEST FORT ON HADRIAN'S WALL.

WALL," BY JESSIE MOTHERSOLE, BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LTD.



A 73-MILE "SENTRY-WALK" BUILT AS A BARRIER AGAINST THE RAIDING CALEDONIANS—THE WALL ITSELF HERE SHOWN IN A "DOT-AND-DASH" LINE; SOUTH OF THE WALL, FOR 66 MILES, INDICATED BY A DOTTED LINE.



PRESENTED TO THE MATIONAL TRUST BY MR. J. M. CLAYTON: THE ROMAN FORT ON A HILL-TOP AT BORCOVICUM—THE PRÆTORIUM (OR PRINCIPLA), SHOWING BASES OF THE DISTINCTIVE CIRCULAR COLUMNS.



"TO THE WEST THERE ARE SIGNS OF TERRACED GARDENS, SUCH AS ARE COMMON NOW IN ITALY": TRACES OF A FLOURISHING ROMAN GARRISON TOWN ON THE HULLSIDE RELUW FORT FORCOVICIUM.



CASTLE NICK MILE-CASTLE (8) FT. BY 62 FT), WITH CRAG LOUGH IN THE DISTANCE: ONE OF THE CASTELLA! BUILT ALONG THE LINE OF HADRIAN'S WALL AT INTERVALS OF A ROMAN MILE (SEVEN FURLONGS).



"THE MOST PERFECT SPECIMEN OF ABOVE CROUND": THE HOUSESTEA' BORCOVICIUM, AND INCLUDED

(men, of Tungres, in Belgium). These forts were of such a size as to be practically garrison towns, and arouterraced gardens. The wheel-tracks of Roman chariots are visible at some of the gateways, and it is a curithe gauge of English railways. Much interesting detail is to be found in Miss Jessie Mothersole's exceller of her walk along its whole length—734 miles—from Wallsend to Bowness. It was built, she says, froof Agricola. "The Wall," she writes," was an elevated sentry-walk, a continuous look-out tower, -from the north, the cohorts from the forts would not line up on the Wall; they would march out of Rome in 117 A.D., and some two years later were constructed, in turn, the softum, a new line of visited Britain himself in 121 or 122 A.D. The Romans left Britain about 410 A.D.

BOOKS DAY.

the question of the relations between the white and the coloured races is becoming more and more insistent. At the moment, it confronts us especially in India, China, Iraq, Palestine, various parts of Africa (Egypt, Nigeria, and Natal), and in certain Pacific islands, such as Samoa; to a lesser degree it arises in Australia and New Zealand. Under different forms, the colour question is equally urgent in North and South America, and in the West Indies, as witness the recent troubles in Haiti.

This question of colour, and the general study of native life in remote lands, often form the main interest in books of travel. Just now the voyage of the Prince of Wales to Africa, in quest of big game, has turned my attention to several books concerned with that continent, though not with hunting, except incidentally, and in one of them I have found a very interesting passage bearing on this matter of "the white man's burden." The book is one of the most fascinating records of a climbing considered. matter of "the white man's burden." The book is one of the most fascinating records of a climbing expedition that I have come across, namely, "Kenya Mountain." By E. A. T. Dutton, also author of "The Basuto of Basutoland." With an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. Four Maps, and fifty-six full-page collotype Illustrations from Photographs by J. D. Melhuish (Jonathan Cape; 21s.). There are, in addition, nine appendices, historical and scientific, with a glossary of place-names indicating their personal origin. With its joyous spirit and fine wordpainting, enhanced by magnificent photography, this volume towers above its kind as the peak it describes out-soars the lesser ranges.

Mount Kenya was first climbed (by Sir Halford Mackinder) in 1899, and the second successful ascent took place in January 1929. The fact that Mr. Dutton and his companions in a holiday trip failed to reach the summit detracts no whit from the charm and value of his narrative. In fact, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, selecting the parts that most impressed him, says: "One was the description of the point at which the effort was turned back. It reads better than a success. It makes one understand the heaviness of the task and the peculiar courage of the author in undertaking it."

After mentioning the disappointment of the native porters at having to turn back when at having to turn back when they had reached about 16,500 ft., Mr. Dutton goes on to say: "It is astounding how much the native expects of the white man... He has the most implicit trust in the white man's powers. How long he will continue in that belief lies with our governors and all those set over us. The prestige of the white man was born in the strength and the courage in the strength and the courage and the fairmindedness of our people; and, in the judgment of those of us who live among native races, the moment that native races, the moment that prestige is seriously impaired, the signal for the decline of the Empire will have been sounded . . . Here are a few natives on 'break; yet they turn to 'break; yet they turn to 'break; at we read) his inability to defeat Sekukuni was come to the ears of the great Cetewayo, King of the Zulus. The white man's failure was, as ever, the black man's opportunity, and so the glittering assegais of Cetewayo's impis were already flashing along the borders of the Transvaal. . . The Zulu regiments might even then have swept the Transvaal and massacred Burgers and his commandos; but they did not. They were restrained by Shepstone, the 'great white father' of the Zulu race."

A kindred incident — more famous and still more impressive—was that of "Rhodes . . . in Matabeleland making that marvellous solitary ride of his into the lonely Matopos, the stronghold of the rebel Matabele. It was there that his great personality so wrought upon the savages who had murdered the white settlers in scores that they surrendered. Single-handed, then, he brought to an end a rebellion which had defied the efforts of General Carrington's forces."

Considered as a history, this book is somewhat lacking Considered as a history, this book is somewhat lacking in cohesion and continuity. It switches the reader from one disconnected incident to another with film-like inconsequence, and there are constant digressions about such matters as sensational crimes, boxing encounters, or stage triumphs. Nevertheless, it is extremely readable and rich in anecdotes about famous South African personalities. The credit of first discovering the Rand gold-field is awarded to "Fred Struben, who, in June 1929, is still living at Spitchwick Manor, Ashburton, Devonshire.'

imposed upon,

easily cor-rupted—learnt all that was ill in white civilisation. She was exploited by pirates, tortured by slavers; she called civilisation through gunpowder and drink. called civilisation through gunpowder and drink. She was harassed by the jealousies of a score of European races; she was mulcted by the treachery of traders. . . . Small wonder that till recently a faint odour of the macabre hung about the coast. But now her plague spots have been cleared away, worthy white men of different nations have replaced those who corrupted her, the African himself is learning to follow and to set a good example, and the Golden Land stretches her arms towards infinite nossibilities." possibilities.

To conclude, here is a list of six other books that shed light on dusky folk of various shades and their dealings with the white man, as also on nature and animal life in many lands. From the Golden Land I turn to "The Purple Land": Being the Narrative of one Richard Lamb's Adventures in the Bahda Oriental, in South America, as told by Himself. By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated by Keith Henderson (Duckworth; 15s.). This well-pictured reprint of a classic writer's first book, originally published in 1885 as "The Purple Land That England Lost," will be welcome to devout Hudsonians. South America likewise provides the local colour for a book of exciting reminiscences called "The Misadventures of a Tropical Medico." By Herbert Spence Dickey. In collaboration with Hawthorne Daniel. With thirty-one (excellent) Photographs by the Author (Lane; 15s.). Never, I should say, has a doctor had a more extensive and peculiar "practice," including five journeys across the Andes and one all along the Amazon, Among other things he describes the horrors of a military hospital during the Colombian revolution, and the Putumayo atrocities, with a personal glimpse of Sir Roger Casement.

From South America I skip across the Pacific to the realm of Rajah Brooke in "The Fieldacross the Pacific to the realm of Rajah Brooke in "The Field-Book of a Jungle-Wallah": Being a Description of Shore, River, and Forest Life in Sarawak. By Charles Hose. With coloured Frontispiece and blackand-white Plates (Witherby; 12s. 6d.). Although I am not quite sure what a "Wallah" is, he is manifestly a great observer of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects. The book seems to meet the requirements of Mr. Pycraft, who, on our "World of Science" page recently, called for more first-hand observation of the habits of tropical creatures in their native haunts. The same remark applies to "Man and Animals in the New Hebrides." By John R. Baker. Illustrated (Routledge; 12s. 6d.). Matters of human anatomy are treated with scientific frankness. The author points out that his work does not contain "the easily read rambling jottings of a naturalist of the old sort." He deplores the spread of pneumonia and influenza among natives by whites through visits of trading and missionary vessels. Impressions of human life among primitive people and of the beauties of natural scenery in

printive people and of the beauties of natural scenery in Pacific lands, rather than the flora and fauna, form the warp and woof of "A TROPICAL TAPESTRY." By Hubert S. Banner. With Decorations by Dorothy Hope-Falkner (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.).

Lastly, I come to a vivid and at times thrilling story of personal adventure called "Maori Witchery": Native Life in New Zealand. By C. R. Browne (Dent; 6s.). The author has put into narrative form, with plentiful dialogue, his experiences as a Government surveyor engaged in opening up the "King Country" for the Main Trunk Railway towards the end of last century. His sympathies are evident when he writes: "My story is really a tale of the blotting-out of the Maoris as a separate race, in much the same way that the Saxons were wiped out as a nation and compelled to become Normans. Only, in this case, the difference in colour made the transition doubly cruel to the conquered, and a race which preferred simply to exist rather than compete was compelled to come under the iron heel of a people whose motto is 'Work or go under.'" Carlyle (I believe) said: "Blessed is the man who has found his work"; but I sometimes incline to agree with a remark once made to me by another, less austere, Scot—my old friend Storer Clouston (of "Lunatic at Large" fame)—"Work is an overrated amusement."

C. E. B,



OIL-BEARING STRATA PRESERVE A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL: A RHINOCEROS, COMPLETE WITH HAIR, LATELY FOUND IN A DISUSED PIT ON A POLISH PETROLEUM-FIELD,

"At the end of December," says a note received with this photograph, "in the strata of an old dissed pit in the oil district of Starunia, Poland, was found a Diluvial Rhinoceros (Coelodontus antiquitatis), wonderfully preserved by the petroleum. Dr. Panow, Custos of the Polish Academy of Sciences at Cracow, to which the remains were taken, describes it as a unique find, since the animal's hair all over its body has also been preserved. In the "Royal Natural History" we read: "A multitude of extinct species ranged not only over Europe and Asia, but likewise North America. . . . The woolly rhinoceros (R. antiquitatis) was so called from the thick coat of woolly hair."

supplies they leave to

The book ends with a forecast of the future of the gold reef, in the light of its geological formation.

v list, namely, ic Story of art City

My third book of African origin is the work of a well known woman traveller—namely, "The Golden Land": A Record of Travel in West Africa. By Lady Dorothy Mills. Illustrated (Duckworth; 15s.). The "Golden Land" is an old name for the Guinea Coast, and the book is dedicated to the Government of Portuguese Guinea "in memory of infinite kindness, friendship, and hospitality." Lady Dorothy writes with her accustomed charm and vivacity, giving fresh evidence of her insatiable zest for wandering, as in all her previous travel books. She berself evidently has the faculty of making friends the natives. She gives many vivid pictures of rays of life, as well as memorable glimpses into history.

passage bears closely on the subject mentioned "The East Coast . . . when white men came to vany years had been under the orderly and longrule of big native kings. . . The contact of ran came first through isolated, high-principled hen missionaries, then Government representaact, East Africa had the best possible of starts. er hand, the West Coast—then a mixture of the authority of no paramount power, easily

FIT FOR A LILLIPUTIAN "MARITIME MUSEUM": SHIPS (ACTUAL SIZE) SMALL ENOUGH FOR THE "QUEEN'S DOLLS'-HOUSE."



I. "HOW EXQUISITELY MINUTE, A MIRACLE OF DESIGN!" A TINY 2½-INCH SHIP-MODEL, MADE BY A FRENCH PRISONER ABOUT 1795, IN BOXWOOD, WITH SAILS AND RIGGING OF CHIPS AND SPLINTERS—HERE REPRODUCED IN ITS ACTUAL SIZE, WITH A PENNY FOR COMPARISON.

was lately announced that the National Maritime Museum, to be opened next year in the Queen's House at Greenwich, will be enriched by shipmodels and other relics from the famous collection formerly in the training-ship "Mercury," and purchased by Sir James Caird, who has now presented all the rare items to be grouped with his previous gift—the great Macpherson [Continued below.



ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL OF THE RIGGING SAILS OF WOOD CHIPS AND ROPES OF SPLINTERS: THE STERN HALF OF THE MODEL SEEN IN NO. 1.



ENLARGED (PHOTOGRAPHICALLY) TO SHOW DETAIL.
THE MASTS, SPARS, AND RIGGING: A STERN VIEW
THE TWO MINIATURE SHIP-MODELS SEEN IN
ILLUSTRATION NO. 4.

Collection of maritime prints and pictures. If the ship-models in the national collection were as minute as those above, they might be housed in a Lilliputian museum, even in the Queen's Dolls'-house! Our illustrations show, in actual size, with detail enlarged, two exquisite examples of "shipbuilding" on a tiny scale. Nos. 1 and 2 illustrate a

"shipbuilding" on a tiny scale. Nos. 1 and 2 illustrate a model in boxwood, $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. from figurehead to stern, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. high from keel to topmast, on a carved fret stand $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, and mounted on a $3\frac{7}{6}$ in. base with a gallery surround. The sails are fashioned from chips, the ropes and cordage being fine splinters of wood. This model was made by a French prisoner about 1795.—A note on Nos. 3 and 4 states: "These tiny wooden models of two French line-of-battle ships were made by French prisoners interned, during the Napoleonic wars, at Porchester Castle. Each measures only 3 in. from stem



REPRODUCED IN THEIR ACTUAL SIZE, WITH A PENNY FOR COMPARISON: MINIATURE MODELS INCHES LONG) OF FRENCH LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS, ON A STAND REPRESENTING THE SEA, MADE BY FRENCH PRISONERS-OF-WAR AT PORCHESTER CASTLE DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.

in boxwood, $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. from figurehead to stern, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. high from keel to st, on a carved fret stand $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, and mounted on a $3\frac{7}{8}$ in. base with stry surround. The sails are fashioned from chips, the ropes and cordage fine splinters of wood. This model was made by a French prisoner 1795.—A note on Nos. 3 and 4 states: "These tiny wooden models of rench line-of-battle ships were made by French prisoners interned, during apoleonic wars, at Porchester Castle. Each measures only 3 in. from stem

Nos. 1 and 2 illustrate a to stern (4 in. over all, spar measurement). The two ships are placed side by side on a hexagonal stand of an elaborate fretted design. There are gaps in the balustrade of this stand where the sterns slightly protrude, and under these gaps are carved the names of the ships, 'L'Achille' and 'Le Héros.' The floor of the stand is lined with strips of straw dyed green, and the two models, which have complete hulls, are let into the stand. The stand itself measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. across, each of its sides being 2 in. long. This stand rests, in turn, on a base 5 in. in diameter."

Nos. 1 and 2 BY COURTESY OF A. FLEMING (SOUTHSEA), LTD., 3, PALL MALL PLACE; Nos. 3 and 4 BY COURTESY OF THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.



The Morld of the Ikinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



1930.

THE year is young and youthful hopes leap high. Nineteen-twenty-nine, a year of extraordinary upheaval in the world of the kinema, a Sturm und Drang Periode, if ever there was one, found England nappling, or, at any rate, sitting pretty solidly on the fence of Wait-and-see. English film-makers hesitated on the brink of sound, thought of their silent productions, and lent a rather too willing ear to the

And thus the temptation grows to transfer a stageplay to the screen and to rely mainly on the combined talent of a fine company in order to achieve a popular talking-picture.

The Americans have swamped us with back-stage stories, because song and dance record well, and the artificial romances of musical-comedy or vaudeville "stars" are easy to combine with the spectacle which is still one of the assets of screen-entertain-

ment. Moreover, the steady development of colour - photography instinctively sought an opportunity in the display of ballet-divertissements and stage traffic All very well and good, but we have had enough of that, the more so as the alliance of artificiality and realism results in a curious hybrid only made palatable by the splen-dour of spectacular surroundings. The perfect talking-picture of the future is not so easily come by, nor is it to be sought along the lines of the vaudeville - revue or the province of the stageplay. These are but the easiest way out of a difficult proposition.
We, who left the

We, who left the starting-line so tardily, have surged to the fore at the end of the year with pictures that

justify our hopes of the future. "Atlantic," an impressive production, graced by magnificent photography, might have been a truly great film had M. Dupont broken clean away from the limitations of the stageplay. Those limitations were dictated by the closer

confines of the stage. Had the producer used the inspiration of the play rather than its form, swept that prisoned cosmos from end to end with the lens of his imagination instead of focussing it chiefly on a small group of people, we should have come very near the perfect talking-picture. On a smaller scale, a welcome excursion into our much-neglected Cockney humour, the wartime revue, "Splinters, ranks high. This soldiers' entertainment, set in the midst of a stern reality which brought it into being, is amazingly human.

However we may have lagged behind, such films go to show that we are on the right road. Our producers have envisaged the necessity for a new technique to bring out the best there is in the combination of sound and picture. They have recognised the advantage that is ours in this world-competition—the English speaking voice. For this is no

foolish insular prejudice. The English voice, clear, well-placed, neither guttural nor nasal, carries best, as Hollywood has been quick to perceive. But the great mechanical entertainment is on the move. Colour-photography is here, the wider screen is close

at hand. Drastic changes and innovations sweep up, like tidal waves, keeping the industry ever on the alert. Will our film-makers remain abreast of that tide? Is the "big push" of the end of 1929 to be followed up in 1930? Well, the year is young and youthful hopes leap high.

"CONDEMNED," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Ronald Colman's new vehicle was, according to the programme, "suggested" by that remarkable, grim, and painful study of the French penal settlement on Devil's Island by Blair Niles. But no one, I imagine, reading the name of the "star," would expect to find in "Condemned" a stark revelation of the punitive system in force on that tragic island, nor of the filtering despair that permeates all life around the prison walls. No, the name of Ronald Colman is synonymous with romance, and romance is a flower blooming in strange places. The surprising thing is that it has been grafted on to such a book as that of Blair Niles! And the inevitable result is a feeling of unreality, of a golden plaster applied to a raw spot. A glimpse of the actual and terrible truth here and there only serves to set us wondering at the well-harmonised singing of a party of lighthearted déportés, or at the musical-comedy escape of our hero from durance vile in a rolling tub which playfully knocks over a comic guard or two in its bouncing bid for liberty. But once you accept the fact that this is a Devil's Island of romance, with the prison business thrown in as a powerful and occasionally impressive background, then you will-find entertainment as well as much to admire in this picture. Wesley Ruggles, the producer, has developed his story of the good-looking thief who loved the Warden's pretty wife, with directness and with a skilful tightening of the dramatic tension that does eventually succeed in lifting the struggles and the fate of the lovers to a semblance of thrilling importance.

Though the character of the hero and his rapid reformation—if, indeed, he did reform—remain a trifle nebulous, Ronald Colman's charm, his sense of humour, his light touch, which deftly turns even a convict's love-story into comedy, combine to create an attractive hero. Miss Ann Harding, lovely to look at, plays the part of the Warden's wife with an



THE TWO BLACK CROWS IN A NEW "TALKIE":

GEORGE MORAN (RIGHT) AND CHARLIE MACK (NEXT) IN A BILLIARD-SALOON SCENE
IN "WHY BRING THAT UP?"

"cons" when the "pros" were undoubtedly pointing the way of the future. The first talking-pictures, representing as they did the greatest revolution that has ever taken place in the field of entertainment, naturally raised a storm of protest. Yet it was abundantly apparent, almost from the outset, that the general public was taking to the "talkies" as jubilantly as a duckling to the water, and that no cautious, fluttering fowl would coax them back to the silent shore. I still maintain most stoutly that the silent film is not altogether doomed. "The Four Feathers," with its sensational animal-scenes and stirring human adventure, was one of the outstanding successes of last year, despite its silence. Greta Garbo is still dumb and still a big attraction. Charles Chaplin is determined to remain a voiceless mime, and I cannot conceive that the public will allow the greatest genius of the screen to be ousted by a mechanical device. The mediocre silent film, though it still crops up, and the silent versions of talking-pictures need not enter into serious discussion.

But a finely balanced silent production, wherein pictorial beauty, sensitive suggestion, the rhythm of dramatic action, and the revealing vision of an imaginative mind combine to awaken and to satisfy our own dormant perceptions—such a production, I venture to hope, will never be entirely ousted from the screen. We have had silent pictures that have reached pinnacles of kinematographic art; we shall not reach those pinnacles with talking-pictures if the art of the kinema is to be discarded in an imitation of stagecraft. And there is grave danger of this catastrophe. Sound has come, and come to stay. That has to be admitted. Nor, looking back on the past year, can it be denied that this new form of entertainment has been slow of progress. The public soon evinced signs of recovery from the sheer sensation of talking-pictures, and a healthy impatience with the booming, metallic noises of the earlier specimens. Expert brains got busy, and pushed the mechanical side of sound-productions forward with astonishing swiftness. Given the right kind of voice, the illusion of the talking shadow can be complete—the screen actor and actress have thrown off the shackles of silence. With their emancipation, they take on a far greater personal responsibility than was theirs in the days of silent pictures. An actress like Ruth Chatterton, an actor like George Arliss can carry a talking-picture to success by the sheer force and quality of their acting.



MORAN AND MACK, THE BLACK-FACED COMEDIANS, IN A FILM COMEDY: AN INCIDENT IN "WHY BRING THAT UP?"—(L. TO R.) EVELYN BRENT AS BETTY, CHARLIE MACK, AND GEORGE MORAN.

"Why Bring That Up?" is the title of a new Paramount talking-film described as a "back-stage comedy-drama," with a slight story, mingling humour and pathos, based on the well-known vaudeville acts of Moran and Mack, the American comedians. Charlie Mack's placid manner and slow, lazy drawl is an attractive feature. The early part of the film shows Moran and Mack meeting-in a billiard-room and deciding to go into partnership, with a Jewish singer as their manager. This leads to the success of their "Early Bird" act. Five years later, a girl named Betty, who had ruined Moran's former partner, reappears and wheedles Moran into giving her a part in a show on Broadway. She makes trouble, and a quarrel ensues, leading to a final scene in a hospital.

appealing sincerity. Both Mr. Dudley Digges, in the part of the hectoring Warden, and Mr. Louis Wolheim, splendidly vigorous as a murderer whose final crime meant self-sacrifice, introduce a note of rugged strength echoing the violence of the real Devil's Island.

OLD CHINESE STILT-DANCING-NOW PROHIBITED:



NO LONGER ALLOWED BY THE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT IN CHINA AS A PUBLIC PERFORMANCE: THE STILT-DANCE—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME GROUP.



SITTING DOWN TO ADJUST HIS STILTS: THE DANCER REPRESENTING A COURT OFFICIAL (SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION IN THE ACT



TYPES OF COSTUME WHICH DATE BACK MOSTLY TO THE MING DYNASTY TWO OF THE STILT-DANCERS IN PICTURESQUE HEAD-DRESSES.

PROBABLY A "LAST APPEARANCE."



AN ANCIENT TYPE OF CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT AT RURAL FAIRS AND FESTIVALS: THE STILT-DANCE—SHOWING (SECOND FROM LEFT) A FIGURE REPRESENTING A COURT OFFICIAL.



SHOWING THE "COURT OFFICIAL" (IN THE CENTRE) APPARENTLY FALLING BACKWARDS: STILT-DANCERS WHO PRESENT SCENES FROM CLASSICAL



PREPARING FOR ONE OF THE FEMININE RÔLES—ALL PLAYED BY MEN: A STILT-DANCER MAKING-UP AS A MANCHU LADY, WITH THE AID OF A DRESSER.

Under the Nationalist régime in China, we are informed, the public performance of stilt-dances has been suppressed, along with other survivals of Chinese folk-lore, of stilt-dances has been suppressed, along with other survivals of Chinese folk-lore, and the performers have scattered in the country and taken to farming. These photographs had therefore to be obtained in private, and represent probably the "last appearance" of the troupe. Our correspondent who sends them writes: "This performance by actors dancing on stilts is one of the most ancient forms of Chinese entertainment, and latterly was only to be seen up-country at festivals and fairs. The performers were not, as a rule, paid by the onlookers, but were recompensed by merchants and innkeepers of the locality, who regarded their

entertainment as one which attracted a crowd and, therefore, brought in prospective customers. The pictures show the dancers presenting extracts from several classical Chinese plays. Most of the costumes date back to the Ming Dynasty, as also do the songs, though many of the jokes introduced may be of a topical and political character. All the feminine rôles are taken by men."



IN these days of central heating, properly ventilated rooms, and intelligently made metal windows, screens of every description have lost something of their importance as essentials to comfort. They are, however, by no means less useful as decorations, nor

does the modernist interior decorator despise them, even though the stuffs of which his examples are made sometimes shock the more conservative among us If no one has so far devised a finer ornament to a big room than a great, many-folded screen of seventeenth - century lacquer or embossed Spanish leather, there are smaller speci-mens of the type illustrated here, which, if they are not to be compared with the more imposing varieties, are extra-ordinarily convenient and, even to - day, are of practical value. They are, of course, designed to keep away heat, not to ward off draughts. The old-fashioned

grate sent half its heat up the chim-ney, but, thanks to a liberal expenditure of coal, also made its vicinity uncomfortably hot.

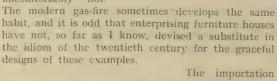


Fig. 1. WITH NEEDLEWORK PANEL

REPRESENTING CLASSICAL RUINS IN THE MANNER OF PANNINI: A CHIPPENDALE CARVED MAHOGANY

Pole - Screen, Showing French Influence. (C. 1750-60.)

of many-folded lac-

quer screens com-menced with the reign of Charles II., but the first pole-

screen known seems

to have belonged to

his Queen, for in the inventory of Ham House in 1679 appears the item of appears the item of the control of the

Iron Screen Stick.

This must have been more or less of the tripod type, but no

general use was made of this device till the

following century.
Instead, cheval firescreens became pop-

ular, and continued for fifty years or so side by side with the others. Fig. 5 is a typical and elaborate

example of this cheval type, and is to be dated at the

very beginning of the eighteenth century.
It has obvious affin-

ities, as so many English pieces, with

ities.



Fig. 4. An Example of Early 18th-Century European Ideas of Chinese Decoration: A Pole-Screen in Walnut with a Leather Panel Painted in Holland.

the style of Louis XIV.—in this case not only in detail, but also in general conception. The same, but rather vaguer, French influence is to be seen in Fig. 1, particularly in the scroll-work and foliations. This may

FOR COLLECTORS: PAGE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POLE SCREENS.

Bu FRANK DAVIS.

be placed somewhere in the 1750's. The needlework reproduces classical ruins in the manner of Pannini. Fig. 4 is considerably earlier: it is of walnut and severely unadorned by carving. The panel is of painted leather in what is known the trade as

' Dutch-Chinese ' taste-in other words. it is of leather painted in Holland in what passed as the Chinese manner-an interesting and typical example of current European conceptions of Far Eastern decoration. A similar echo of Chinese art is to be noticed in Fig. 6—in this example carried out in needlework. The panel is unusual because it is surmounted by gilt openwork cresting, while the carved scroll-tripod is of fine quality. This must be dated about 1740. A more conventional type, is illustrated by Fig. 3-" petit-point" panel, scroll feet, and fluted pillar with acanthusleaf, decoration-the Chippendale manner par excellence, though perhaps a more nor-mal foot would have ended in a claw and

What a change of mental outlook in Fig. 2! Pompeii had not been excavated vain, nor had all

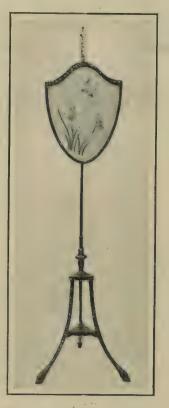


FIG. 2. TYPIFYING THE MARKED CHANGE TO A CLASSICAL STYLE TOWARDS THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY: AN ELEGANT SHERATON Pole-Screen in Satinwood, with Needlework Panel.

Photograph by Courtesy of Mr. Albert Amor.

cultured Europe plunged into classical studies for nothing. The Adam brothers and their followers, French enthusiasts under Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and, finally, Sheraton himself, to whom this elegant



Fig. 5. Dating from about 1700 and Showing Affinities with the Louis XIV. Style: An Elaborate Cheval Screen in a Walnut Frame.

Figs. 1 and 3 to 6 from Photographs by Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.

trifle may be attributed, can all be held responsible. It may even be said to epitomise the ideals of the age of satinwood of the last quarter of the century. It is neither so practical nor so sturdy as the earlier examples—from this point of view the panel is too

small and the pole and feet are dangerously slenderbut there is no question as to its beauty of line, and it is a far cry from this specimen to the tortured shapes of the following century.

As we have seen, screens were made of a great variety of material—all kinds of needlework, leather, lacquer (for the two-folded and many-folded types), even feathers during a few years in the mid-eighteenth century. The good old Victorian fashion of plastering a screen with odds and ends of newsparing illustrations was not so defiantly the vogue of a particular period as might be supposed: Horace Walpole had one at

Strawberry Hill decorated with prints and maps, and Byron covered another with illustrations of well-known boxers.
Perhaps, though, Byron's example is, after all, not so admirable, for great poets are not necessarily arbiters of taste outside their pro-vince; while, as for Walpole, his enthusiasm for fake Gothic, in spite of his quite genuine love of learning, is sufficient to make us suspect his judgment in smaller

This brings us back again to Fig. 2. Nothing could be further from the craze for misunder-stood mediævalism than this piece; yet it too, for all its charm, may be said to represent a pass-ing fashion rather than a genuine inspiration. The



FIG. 3. THE CHIPPENDALE MANNER FIG. 3. THE CHIPPENDALE MANNER
par excellence: A MAHOGANY POLESCREEN WITH FLUTED PILLAR,
SCROLL FEET, AND A "PETITPOINT" PANEL.

eighteenth century swallowed eagerly three very different outside influences—the vogue for things Chinese, the vogue for things Gothic, and the vogue for things Classical. Consequently, this slender pole-screen becomes not just a typical piece designed by Sheraton, but a mirror in which we can see not our own features, but

those of its original owners—people of who, refinement when offered furniture based upon Greek and Roman models, bought as cagerly as they had doubtless bought specimens of Chippendale Gothic some years pre-viously. Society was, in short, ex-Society traordinarily sympathetic to new ideas. At the same time, this appreciation of refinement upon strictly classical models did result eventually in a certain loss of sturdy strength, if only because the classical inspira-tion was inadequate for the manifold demands of comfort and use. Yet, for all our receptiveness, we never quite swallowed the Egyptian style introduced from France



Fig. 6. An 18th-Century Echo of Chinese Art in English Needle-work: A Chippendale Mahogany Pole-Screen, Peculiar for Gilt Open-Work Cresting. (C. 1740.)

under the auspices of Napoleon, nor did anyone imitate George IV. by building a country house on the lines of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton.

A Gem in the Italian Art Exhibition: A Raphael.

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"PORTRAIT OF ANGELO DONI."-BY RAPHAEL (RAFFAELLO SANTI; 1483-1520).

Here is a masterpiece of postraiture by the most celebrated of Italian painters, which has been lent to the Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House by the Royal Pitti Gallery at Florence. A note in the Exhibition Catalogue on the history of the picture states that it was in the possession of the heirs of the Doni family until it was sold to the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1826. It is a companion work to Raphael's portrait of Maddalena Doni, which is also at Burlington House, lent by the Pitti Gallery. "Crowe and Cavalcaselle (the note continues) say that the pair were bought from the Doni family about 1823, and give the price as 2500 sequins. They add: 'On the back of each panel is a scene from the fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha, by some artist of a later time, whose sole aim appears to have been to give a priming to the panels.'"

The portraits were probably painted about 1505-6. In 1508 Raphael was invited to Rome (from Florence) by Pope Julius II. to paint in the Vatican. Discussing the subsequent development of his art, Sir Charles Holmes writes in his well-known book, "An Introduction to Italian Painting": "He had an extraordinary gift for portraiture, which he used with effect both in his great frescoes and in panel paintings." The above portrait is painted on wood, and measures 24\sum_8^3 by 17\subseteq 3 inches.

Is This Correggio's Drawing for his "La Zingarella"?

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, THE HON. PETER LARKIN, P.C., HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA.

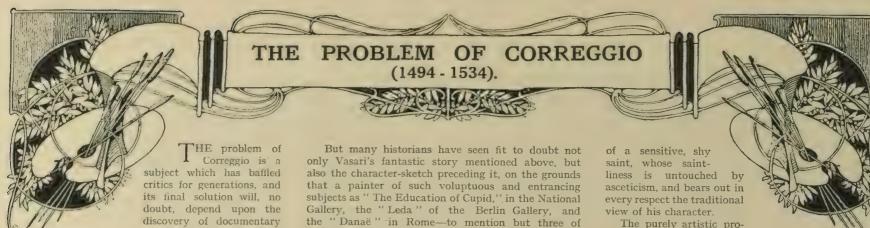


IDENTICAL IN SUBJECT WITH CORREGGIO'S "LA ZINGARELLA" IN THE ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE:

AN EXQUISITE DRAWING IN BLACK AND RED CHALK (18) by 14) in, FORMERLY IN THE HOLFORD COLLECTION.

This beautiful chalk drawing, attributed to the school of Correggio, was at one time in the famous collection of the late Sir George Holford, and was among his "important pictures by Italian Masters" dispersed at Christie's three years ago. On another page in this number we reproduce an oil painting by Correggio entitled "La Zingarelia," and now in the Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House. It will be seen, on comparison, that the painting and the above chalk drawing are identical in subject, but that certain details in the finished picture, such as the rabbit on the left and the cherub above the Virgin's head, are absent from the drawing. It is quite possible that this exquisite

drawing was actually Correggio's preliminary study for the painting. A note in the Exhibition catalogue says: "The Virgin, seated in a tangle of flowers and grasses, bends over the Child asleep on her lap. The Virgin wears a turban-like head-dress, from which the picture takes the title of La Zingarella (the gryspy, given it as early as the 16th century. Oil on wood. 18½ by 14½ in." The painting was formerly in the collection of Rannuccio Farness at Parma, and after 16op belonged to his sister in a Parma monastery. On her death it returned to the Farnese family, who kept it in the Palazzo del Giardino, at Parma In 1734 it was taken to Capodimonte, Naples.



doubt, depend upon the discovery of documentary evidence in some as yet unexplored library. It is not merely a question of ascribing this or that possible work to the master, but also an intriguing puzzle in psychology which cannot perhaps be

cannot perhaps be explained at all. Our knowledge of the artist's life is fragmentary, and in the main is based upon the notes of Vasari, who appears to have been unusually illinformed about a master who visited neither Florence nor Rome, and consequently was never subject to the fierce light which illumined most Renaissance celebrities.

Correggio was fairly comfortably situated middle-class situated middle-class bourgeois. Indeed, he seems to have been as quietly unenter-prising as Renoir, though the analogy must not be pressed too closely. What does Vasari say about him? "He was of a very timid disposition, and exerted himself to excess in the practice of his art for the sake of his family, who were a great care to him; and, although by nature good and welldisposed, he never-theless grieved more than was reasonable under the burden of those passions which are common to all men. He was very melancholic in the exercise of his art, and felt its fatigues greatly." This is vague enough; and before this Vasari has already complained of the difficulties he encountered in obtaining information.

Later, he continues: "And indeed he had no conceit of himself, nor did he persuade himself that in his art-knowing as he did the difficulty of it— he could attain to that perfection which would have wished; he was con-tented with little, and lived a Christian." good Subsequent research has

more or less authenticated this sketch of a quiet, retiring, gentle nature, but has definitely disproved Vasari's concluding paragraphs, which are to the effect that Correggio, weighed down by the cares of his family, became very miserly, and met his death from exposure to the sun while walking from Parma with a large sum of money. Ricci points out with justice that the general opinion that all artists should be eccentric and extravagant is sufficient to brand any sober, careful genius as a miser.

only Vasari's fantastic story mentioned above, but also the character-sketch preceding it, on the grounds that a painter of such voluptuous and entrancing subjects as "The Education of Cupid," in the National Gallery, the "Leda" of the Berlin Gallery, and the "Danaë" in Rome—to mention but three of his world famous coorder pointings, sould have here his world-famous secular paintings—could have been neither shy nor melancholy. One can only suggest in reply that the measurement of complex genius by means of so arbitrary a yard-stick is, to say the least,

The purely artistic problems inseparable from any

consideration of Correggio's works are amusingly illustrated by various eighteenth-century theories advanced by lesser artists to account for the magic of his inimitable

style. When one can-not equal the work of genius, it is both tempting and reasonfempting and reasonable to suggest some fantastic explanation for it. So, says Ricci, "a variety of legends were current. Richardson, among others, declared that Correggio painted on a gold ground; and a gold ground; and an artist admitted to Lanzi that he be-lieved 'Correggio habitually exposed his pictures to the heat of the fire, or to the sun, in order to blend his colours well together and diffuse them equally, which process had given them the appearance of having been melted together, rather than laid on with the brush.'"

This extraordinary

fusion of colours can be very well studied in the head belonging to Lord Lee and ing to Lord Lee and in the famous "Gypsy Madonna," or "La Zingarella" (so called from the turban-like head-dress), here reproduced, as also the characteristic sharp network of cracks.

But the purely

But the purely technical qualities of Correggio's paint are of little importance except in so far as they are the means they are the means of expression of that spiritual glow, that gentle radiance, which illumines all the master's work. Once again we are driven back to a consideration of those imponderable mental imponderable mental imponderable mental attributes which are the foundations of his greatness as an artist. Indeed, "La Zingarella" provides us with as good an example as any. Was ever piety more humane and less tainted by the more tainted by the more morose aspects of religion? We are away from the

far away from the calm nobility and sculpturesque quality of Mantegna, by whom he was almost certainly influenced, and still further removed from the turgid and rather theatrical compositions of the following century. Correggio's Madonna is less saint than woman—any mother with any child; not so much a religious picture as a picture qualified to illustrate a universal religion—and yet without any trace of that cloying sweetness which his later imitators were quite unable to avoid.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE BEAUTIFUL CHALK DRAWING OF THE SAME SUBJECT REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON THE TWO PRECEDING PAGES: "LA ZINGARELLA"-AN OIL PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, NOW IN THE EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, FOR WHICH THE DRAWING MAY HAVE BEEN THE ARTIST'S PRELIMINARY STUDY.

Lent to the Exhibition by the Royal Gallery, Naples.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON, ROME.

lacking in all understanding of the depths and heights of which sensitive human nature is capable, especially when it is remembered that the sensuality of these pictures is emphatically imaginative and spiritual. Never was beauty less grounded upon things of the earth. This version of the painter's temperament will certainly be borne out by a close study of the levely certainly be borne out by a close study of the lovely little self-portrait belonging to Lord Lee of Fareham at present hanging at Burlington House, and reproduced in these pages two years ago. The face is that



HEADED BY THE RESPECTIVE FATHERS (PLAINLY CLAD BY CONTRAST):
THE HAPPY COUPLES (TWO BROTHERS AND TWO SISTERS), PRECEDED BY
THEIR "WITNESSES," WALKING TO THE CHURCH.



THE BRIDESMAIDS. SIX GIRL FRIENDS OF THE TWO BRIDES, ARRAYED FOR THE OCCASION IN THEIR ELABORATELY EMBROIDERED DRESSES.



THE ARRIVAL OF WEDDING GUESTS: SPLENDOURS OF HUNGARIAN PEASANT COSTUME IN CURIOUS CONTRAST TO THE HOMELINESS OF THE EQUIPAGE.

WHERE MAN RIVALS WOMAN IN FESTAL GARB:
A HUNGARIAN PEASANT WEDDING.



SARTORIAL SPLENDOURS AT A DOUBLE WEDDING OF PEASANTS IN HUNGARY: THE TWO BRIDES (SISTERS) AND BRIDEGROOMS (BROTHERS) WITH THEIR "WITNESSES" (IN PRIEST-LIKE GARB) OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.



FRIENDS OF THE BRIDEGROOMS IN WEDDING GARMENTS AND HILARIOUS MOOD: A FESTIVE PARTY WEARING THEIR LONG EMBROIDERED APRONS—ONE WITH AN ACCORDION.



WITH A BRASS BAND (ON THE LEFT) IN FULL BLAST. THE ARRIVAL OF THE "TROUSSEAU" AT THE HOME OF ONE OF THE NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLES.

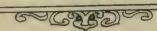
"In the streets of Budapest," writes a correspondent in sending us these interesting photographs, "the foreigner often notices peasant women in brilliantly coloured original dresses offering remarkable embroideries for sale. The gorgeous colouring and intricate patterns of these aprons, shawls, cushions, and scarves remind one of the delicate splendour of Oriental carpets, but are much less conventional—no two are alike. The women who work them and sell them come from Mezokövesd, a village not more than three hours' journey by rail from the Hungarian capital. Mezokövesd lives by its embroideries. Needlework has its tradition in this village: the stitches, the designs, the secret of dyes and colour-blending are handed down from mother to daughter. Nay, even the men and boys learn to ply the needle, since Mezókövesd embroideries have become an article of export into every country, and a sure livelihood is to be got by them. Hungarian peasants, however, not only do needlework for sale, but they revel in it themselves. The really beautiful

old dresses, shawls, and aprons are not for sale: they are kept for festive wear, as are the gorgeous head-dresses. Such an occasion was the marriage of two brothers, János and Péter Balogh, to two sisters, Julianna and Rozi Kovacs. I attended this ceremony, and was dazzled by the pomp and circumstance." Hungary, we may add, is in the news just now in connection with her claims at the Hague Conference for the limitation of her Reparations payments.



a Geoman

SCIENCE. WORLD THE





THE SEA, AND ALL THAT THEREIN IS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH we have now a formidable array of facts Concerning the depth of the sea, the nature of its floor, its salinity, density, currents, and temperature

not only put our conclusions to the test of observation on the living body, but we can gain information that dead bodies would never afford us.



FIG. 1. THE GREATER PIPE-FISH: A COUSIN OF THE SEA-HORSE, AND LIKEWISE PROPELLED BY FIN-VIBRATION, BUT UNABLE TO CURL ITS TAIL.

The pipe-fish, of which there are several species, cannot throw its body into coils like the sea-horse. The tail-fin, it will be noticed, is extremely reduced, and takes no part in swimming, which is effected by the rapid vibrations of the dorsal and pectoral fins, as in the sea-horse.

at various depths, and though we have an extensive

at various depths, and though we have an extensive knowledge of the plant and animal life there, we yet know but little of that mysterious underworld. Here and there, as on coral reefs, where the water is no more than a few fathoms deep, and crystal clear, we get a peep into what we may call the submarine countryside, revealing splendours hardly to be matched on revealing splendours hardly to be matched on land. But these, we know, are not universal. Indeed, there are vast regions of the sea where darkness impenetrable and icy cold have pre-vailed without a break since the foundations of the world were laid, and will prevail until it ends. We know, again, that we can distinguish in this marine world two widely different areas, each with characteristics of its own—the continental shelf and the deep sea. The continental shelf consists of the submerged bases of the continents, which often project far from the land. On this is deposited the mud brought down by the rivers, which, getting finer and finer, at a distance of about one hundred miles disappears. This much we have gathered only by sounding-the sense of touch. as blind men gather information of the

world around them.

Our fishermen, and our oceanographical surveyors, tell us that our food-fishes are restricted to the continental shelf and its mud-covered floor. In the deep sea are no fish that man can eat. To-day we have an extensive knowledge of these food-fishes; the depths at which they are to be found; the nature of the sea-floor they prefer; their relative abundance; their habits, whether gregarious or not; whether they live on the floor or in mid-water; their migrations and spawning seasons; and the haunts and forms of the world around them. ing seasons; and the haunts and forms of the immature stages, which often differ remarkably from those which appear in the adult stages.

But this information, again, may be said to have been obtained by a sense of touch, even though this "touch" be furnished by a baited hook or a widespread net. For we cannot see our prey. Dropping a net into the sea, indeed, is much like dipping one's hand into a "bran-pie." We get, in short, samples of the animal and plant life of the sea. But this process of sampling has

now gone on for so long that we know with fair accuracy what each haul of the net will bring up, though it may vary in quantity.

On land we can revel in the beauty of a moor, a forest, a meadow ablaze with buttercups, or the grandeur of towering mountains. And we can, when we are so inclined—which is seldom—watch wild animals living their natural lives, and study their inter-relationships in regard to their animate and

inanimate environment.

The counterpart of this picture, in the sea, is denied us. Only in imagination can we see a shoal of herrings amounting to millions, and few realise that cuttle-fish must, in like manner, roam the sea in hordes.

From these samples of the sea, however, we can nevertheless gather a great deal of most valuable information in regard to the factors which govern the shapes of animals; and now that it is possible to study these sea-dwellers in an aquarium, we can Among other things, for example, we can see that the fins of fishes serve mainly as balancers and



FIG. 2. THE SEA-HORSE: A CREATURE WITH A PREHENSILE TAIL, THAT SWIMS BY INCREDIBLY RAPID VIBRATION OF THE FINS. On the left is shown the swimming position, wherein the tail tip is only slightly curled. The dorsal fin, it will be noted, is long and low. On the right the extreme limit of the coiling is shown. Usually only the end of the tail is curled

steering-organs, though some actually use them as propellers, as in the case of the John-Dory when stalking his prey. But one of the most remarkable of fishes, in this regard, is that quaint-looking creature, the sea-horse (Fig. 2), which propels its body by means of incredibly rapid vibrations of the pectoral or breast fins and the dorsal fin.

dorsal fin.

Even more remarkable, however, is its shape, and the poise of its body when swimming. Ordinary fishes, as everybody knows, swim with the body held horizontally. Not so the sea-horse, which seems to travel, in some mysterious way, with the body poised vertically and the head bent upon the trunk, reminding one of some prancing steed whose head has been brought down to the required angle by means of that brutal instrument the "tearing-rein." For a time it will travel forwards with a stately, gliding motion, when it will suddenly rise towards the surface or sink downwards without any visible mechanism. But watch one very closely, as I had the pleasure of doing the other day, and you will see these breast and dorsal fins vibrating so rapidly as to take the form of filmy "shapes"—not else can they be described. they be described.

These weird movements, however, are suddenly eclipsed when the little creature, hovering over some stem of seaweed, drops hovering over some stem of seaweed, drops rapidly downward and curls its tail around it, taking so firm a hold that the body rests vertically, swaying gently from side to side. To see fifty or so little sea-horses perched in a row, like so many little birds on a bough, is a sight never to be forgotten.

The evolution of these remarkable

The evolution of these remarkable creatures is well worth speculating on. How did they come to acquire this strange, prehensile tail—a grasping organ, it is to be remembered, which has been developed by animals of very diverse types? Among the reptiles we have the chameleon, and among the mammals are several marsupials, our own harvest-mouse, and several species of monkeys.

We may suppose the process began with the development of unusual acuity in the sense of touch at the tip of the tail, which tended to curl round the branch on which the creature was resting until it acquired a useful grip, and proved an aid in the struggle for existence. But the sea-horse originally had a tail-fin, which, however, having become reduced to a vestigial condition from lack of use, prepared the way for the prehensile tail.

for the prehensile tail.

We have a clue as to how this came about in that cousin of the sea-horse, the pipe-fish (Fig. 1). This creature also swims by means of vibratile dorsal and pectoral fins; but the body is carried straight out and obliquely, so that when it comes to rest only the tail touches the sea-floor or the weeds growing there. The tail-fin, here, is extremely small. Reduce it still further, increase the sensitiveness of the tail to touch, and we have only a little way to go before we get to the tail of the sea-horse.

go before we get to the tail of the sea-horse.



FIG. 3. THE AUSTRALIAN PHYLLOPTERYX: A CURIOUS SPECIES OF SEA-HORSE WITH LEAF-LIKE APPENDAGES THAT FORM A "MANTLE OF INVISIBILITY" AMONG SEAWEED.

In this species the skin is drawn out into frond-like membranes which blend with the seaweed amid which the animal is hiding, thereby furnishing a "mantle of invisibility."

THE FLAG THAT FLEW A MILE AND A-HALF BENEATH THE WAVES! DR. WILLIAM BEEBE REMOVING THE EXPLORERS' CLUB BANNER FROM A DEEP-SEA NET ON ITS RETURN FROM REGIONS NO EXPLORER HAS VISITED.

DIPPING INTO NEPTUNE'S "BRAN-PIE": "SURPRISES" FROM MYSTERIOUS OCEAN DEPTHS.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. WILLIAM BEEBE, LEADER OF THE BERMUDA OCEANOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION, AUTHOR OF "GALAPAGOS-WORLD'S END," ETC.



THE EYE OF SCIENCE FOCUSSED ON A DENIZEN OF THE OCEAN ABYSSES:

OR BEEBE ADJUSTING A LIVING AND LUMINOUS DEEP-SEA ()

CREATURE FOR STUDY UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.



A LIVING DEATH-TRAP: ONE OF THE MULTI-COLOURED SEA-ANEMONES IN BERMUDA WATERS, WAVING ITS POISONOUS TENTACLES AND LYING IN WAIT FOR FISH.

THE "EATER OF THE STARS" SEEKETH WHOM HE MAY DEVOUR: A BLACK ASTRONESTHES PURSUING LUMINOUS PREY ON THE OCEAN SURFACE BY RIGHT.

OCEANOGRAPHY IN
A BATHINGSUIT: MISS
GLORIA
HOLLISTER
(ORE OF
DR. BEEBE'S
STAFF AS
TECHNICAL
ASSOCIATE
IN CHARGE
OF DISSECTION
AND
ANATOMY)
ALDS IN
DIVING
OPERATIONS
OFF BONSUCH
ISLAND.



On our "World of Science" page in this number, Mr. W. P. Pycraft discusses "the sea and all that therein is," and the limitations of our knowledge regarding the mysterious life of its invisible depths. "There are vast regions of the sea," he writes, "who

"There are vast regions of the sea," he writes, "where darkness impenetrable and icy cold have prevailed since the foundations of the world were laid." Something of the mystery, however, is revealed by such researches as those of the Bermuda Oceanographical Expedition of the New York Geological Society, under the able leadership of Dr. William Beebe. We give here further illustrations of his remarkable discoveries, in addition to those published in our issue of



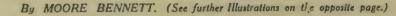
ALL AGLOW WITH WHITE, YELLOW, AND PINK LIGHTS: SOME OF THE MYRIADS OF STRANGE LITTLE CREATURES NETTED IN THE BLACK AND ICY OCEAN DEPTHS — FIGHTING AND DEVOURING EACH OTHER TO THE LAST.

August 24 last. In previous numbers we have also illustrated his work in 1928 as Director of the same Society's expedition to Haiti, and his earlier voyage in the "Arcturus" to the Galapagos Islands. In the Bermudas, the staff of ten scientists included four women. As Mr. Pycraft remarks, "dropping a net into the sea is much like dipping one's hand into a 'bran-pie.'" But no bran-pie ever yielded such fascinating surprises as these.

"UNSPEAKABLE" VANDALISM IN CHINA:

THE PILLAGE OF THE TOMBS OF THE EMPEROR CH'IEN LUNG AND THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER BY CHINESE SOLDIERY.







BEFORE ITS DESECRATION BY CHINESE SOLDIERS:
THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR CH'IEN LUNG—A VIEW
FROM THE ARCH SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH OF
THE APPROACH.

In our last issue (for Jan. 11) we recorded, with illustrations, the decapitation of ninety-six of the stone Buddhas preserved for fourteen centuries in the famous Cave Temples near Tatung-fu, in northern Shansi. The outrage was the work of vandal soldiers and corrupt officials, who sold the heads to curio-dealers. The following article describes similar acts of vandalism committed by Chinese soldiery in the Imperial Tombs at Tung Ling, east of Peking.

IN June 1928, as the northern armies were retreating into Manchuria through Eastern Chihli, the Nationalist forces following close upon their heels, troops of both factions passed through the Eastern Tombs district, known as Tung Ling, where, some ninety miles east of Peking, are situated the palace graves of Ch'ien Lung, the late Empress



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN RIFLED OF JEWELS WORTH OVER £8,000,000:
THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S TOMB—THE OUTER COURT—AS IT WAS BEFORE
THE ACTS OF VANDALISM.

Dowager, and some ten other royal Emperors, Princes, and Empresses, as well as those of twelve of the greater concubines of the late Imperial House.

Some of the soldiers, under the command of General Tan, committed the unspeakable crime of blasting open these graves with dynamite, exposing the body of the late Empress, the bones of Ch'ien Lung, the greatest Emperor China ever had, and desecrating and destroying the greatest treasure that has within the last three hundred years been buried with any great sovereign.

The treasures buried with the Empress Dowager were tabulated at the time, by the notorious eunuch Li Lien-ying, as follows: "A mattress seven inches thick, embroidered with pearls, lay on the bottom of the cotlin; and on top of it was a silk embroidered coverlet strewn with a layer of pearls. The body rested on a lace sheet, with a figure of Buddha woven in pearls. At the head was placed a jade ornament formed as a lotus, and at the foot a jade ornament carved into leaves. She was dressed in ceremonial clothes done in gold thread, and over that an embroidered jacket with a rope of pearls, while another rope of pearls encircled her body nine times, and eighteen pearl images of Buddha were laid on her arms. All the above were private gifts sent by friends. Her body was covered with the sacred Tolo pall, a chaplet of pearls was placed upon her head, and by her side were laid 108 gold, jade, and carved gem Buddhas. On each of the feet were

placed one water-melon and two sweet melons of jade, and 200 gems made in the shape of peaches, pears, apricots, and dates. By her left side was placed a jade cut like a lotus root with leaves and flowers sprouting from the top; on the right was a coral tree. The interstices were filled with scattered pearls and gems, until the whole spread level, and over all was spread a network covering of pearls. As the lid was being lifted to place in position, a princess of the Imperial House added a fine jade ornament of eighteen Buddhas, and another of eight galloping horses."

The estimated total value of these treasures at the time, given precisely in numbers of emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, pearls, rubies, and jade, exceeded £8,000,000, and their present value is more than double that amount. The value of the jade and rubies stolen from Ch'ien Lung's tomb totals, at present values, more than £3,000,000.

Besides the above, which were noted at the time, a vast quantity of gifts of lesser value, including porcelain, pictures, drawings, bronze and silver ornaments, were placed in the "Jewelled Chamber," or vault, which in Ch'ien Lung's tomb was sixty Chinese feet long by sixty wide and thirty high, and took, at the time, over 200 camels and 500 men to carry to the tomb and install in its place.

All of this vast treasure has disappeared. A few curio-dealers and low-grade soldiers have been arrested, and their trial has dragged on for over six months with no result, but the vast treasure and the high officials who committed the desecration have passed beyond the ken of man, save that certain of the carved gems and certain known pearls have been seen since the robbery upon the person of one whose high position is entirely unassailable.

The Princes of the Ching family who desired to visit the tombs to repair them

visit the tombs to repair them were not allowed to proceed, and the body of the "Old Buddha" (the Empress Dowager), with the flesh turned purple and her hair yet hanging in places on her scalp, lay naked for days, shorn of its cloth-of-gold vestments, yet no one was allowed to replace it in the shattered coffin, nor were any pious hands of her descendants who watch over the tombs permitted to hide the ghastly spectacle.

The photographs given here were taken in 1918, when the whole 105 square miles comprising the area were covered with thick forest of pine, cypress, larch, and poplars planted by the second great Ching Emperor and his descendants. At that time the avenue of animals that forms

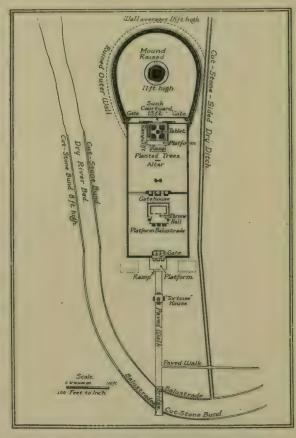
the approach, over two miles long, to Ch'ien Lung's grave, was entirely surrounded with heavy timber, as were the hill-sides

timber, as were the hill-sides and the ten-mile-long white marble road that connected all the tombs and wandered through thousands of natural and exotic trees, tended with care for over two hundred years. Since then, however, wandering bands of soldiers and peculating officials have robbed the region of most of its timber, just as has happened in the Western Tombs and the Imperial hunting parks, so that to-day this area is in much the same desolated condition.

The actual tomb of the Empress Dowager cost seven million taels—say £950,000—to build, and it is quite as fine as some of the lesser palaces. It consists of, first, a marble approach-way some 400 yards long, followed by

400 yards long, followed by three marble bridges with phænix-headed balustrades over an artificial waterway, after which there is a decorated twin-roofed "tortoise" house

standing on a square marble base, in the centre of the "way." Sixty yards further on are three more bridges, leading to a great rectangular platform, on which are a central gate and two side gates, with ornamented and coloured roof-tiles. Passing through gates 20 ft. high by 30 ft. wide,



THE NORTH-EASTERN TOMB AT MING LING: A PLAN TYPICAL OF THE GENERAL "LAY-OUT" OF ALL THE IMPERIAL TOMBS IN CHINA.

decorated with beaten bronze dragons, one enters a spacious courtyard some 300 ft. by 150 ft, on either side of which are the two large guest-houses, with their dragon-covered columns, and in front, facing south, is the great yellow-roofed throne room. This is supported on a wide marble-balustraded platform, raised 12 ft. above the court, and is a vast room with a great throne, bearing upon its seat a small wooden stele, upon which are inscribed the name and honours of the deceased Empress. This room is carried on huge columns of lacquered and dragon-decorated Yunnan acacia, each over 5 ft. in diameter at the butt, and 3 ft. at the ceiling, with phænix-embossed panels 50 ft. from the floor.

At the back of this great building one enters a further courtyard, which contains a big marble altar, carved all over, and bearing five large sacred



WHERE THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S BODY WAS STRIPPED AND LEFT NAKED FOR DAYS, HER RELATIVES BEING FORBIDDEN TO REPLACE IT IN THE COFFIN: HER TOMB. AND ITS FORMER GUARDIAN, A MANCHU DUKE.

vessels—two candlesticks, an incense-burner, and two offering-bowls, all carved of the same white marble. Behind this altar one enters a marble door [Continued on page 104.

IMPERIAL CHINESE TOMBS LOOTED: MILITARY VANDALISM NEAR PEKING.

(SEE ARTICLE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)



WHERE THE SCENES OF DESECRATION OCCURRED: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAMOUS TUNG LING TOMBS AND TEMPLES, NEAR PEKING.

HAVOC WROUGHT BY CHINESE TROOPS AT THE IMPERIAL TOMBS : DEBRIS LEFT IN SEARCHING FOR THE ENTRANCE TO AN INNER CHAMBER.



DAMAGE CAUSED BY TO VESSEL BROKEN IN THE THE TOMBS. INCIDENTAL PRECINCTS OF



A WOODEN PILLAR STRIPPED OF ITS GOLD COATING AND HACKED FOR FIREWOOD: IN A LOOTED TOMB.



WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL YELLOW-TILED ROOF WANTONLY DAMAGED: AN ARCHWAY AT THE EASTERN MAUSOLEA NEAR PEKING.



MANCHU PRIESTS MAKING OBEISANCE BEFORE ENTERING THE IMPERIAL TOMBS TO INVESTIGATE THE DAMAGE: A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

"IT is alleged," writes the sender of these interesting photographs, "that regular soldiers of a Chinese Division, stationed near the famous Tung Ling Tombs,

or Eastern Mausolea, outside Peking, were responsible for the descration and robbery which took place there some time ago. The Tung Ling Tombs are the burial places of five Emperors of the Ching Dynasty, which



MASSES OF MASONRY TORN UP IN THE SEARCH FOR TOMBS: RESULTS OF A FOR WORK BY A THOUSAND MEN. FORTNIGHT'S //



in Tientsin for 50,000 dollars." Another message said: The robbery of the Eastern tombs continues to occupy much space in the Chinese Press, and Aladdin-like stories of buckets full of jewellery selling for millions are published daily. The robbers (used) dynamite. Apparently it was , customary before closing tombs to place an enormous stone inside, in such a position that, as the gates were

finally shut, it rolled down a tunnelled passage and

THE ACME OF VANDALISM: THE DESCRATED REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR CHIEN LUNG BESIDE HIS PLUNDERED COFFIN (CENTRE BACKGROUND).

effectively blocked the entrance." A Peking correspondent wrote: "A curious view is taken by the Chinese

ruled over China from 1644 to 1912. Millions of dollars' worth of precious stones, ornaments and magnificent robes were looted, and the wanton damage done by the robes were looted, and the wanton damage done by the robbers is evident in the pictures reproduced." A report from Peking stated: "The tombs of the Dowager Empress Tszu Hszi, who died in 1908, and the Emperor Ch'ien Lung (1735-95) were looted by the troops of General Chu Yu-pu, a Northern Army commander. It is said that 1000 men were engaged for a fortnight in penetrating the huge masses of concrete that cover the tombs, and it seems probable that booty of incalculable value was seized. One pearl was sold

Press of the descration of the Eastern Imperial tombs. It is described as divine retribution for the past misdeeds of the Manchu rulers. The famous Empress Dowager was a pious Buddhist, and even in death enjoys the protection of Heaven, but the Emperor Ch'ien Lung is charged with the violation of the tombs of the preceding Chinese Ming Dynasty, and it is alleged that he had stolen the jewellery from the idols in the Peking temples; hence the present post-mortem outrages."

a grange some WHO ATE A JU-JU. MAN THE

2000

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF "JU-JU AND JUSTICE IN NIGERIA."*

PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE.)

THIRTY years or so ago, District Commissioner Frank Hives ate a ju-ju. With alliteration's artful aid, I could write that he feasted on a fetish; but it would not be true. For his exemplary meal sickened him, and the flesh of capra does not figure in his diet-charts; the fiesh of capra does not natire in his determines, indeed, I doubt whether he dare taste Gruyère cheese or don kid gloves!

This was the manner of it. Murderers were "wanted" from Omo-nkiti-utcha, and there was a constable in

PRACTISERS OF STRANGE RITES: ASSISTANT-PRIESTS OF A JU-JU.

a constable in danger of be-ing cooked. Mr. Hives advanced. In the path was a black goat, the ju-ju of the townsmen, challenging the white to pass it. The carriers and the police of the native "army" of authority shied. Their leader decision. Seiz-ing a sharp ing a sharp matchet, he killed the obeah beast and stuck its head on a stick. Was not his ju-ju greater than the ju-ju of Omo-nkitintcha! Then.

ASSISTANT-PRIESTS OF A JU-JU.

To round off the demonstration, he carved away "chops," roasted them, swallowed one, and offered the others to his followers. "Meanwhile," he tells, "the savoury smell was getting stronger and my people were hungry after the long march. One by one, the bolder spirits first, they began to sneak towards the fire. Then they picked up the daintier morsels and started to eat, just as a bird does, glancing fearfully around after each mouthful. Soon the whole party were indulging, and there was not much left of the ju-ju goat but its bones and skin. All were roaring with laughter, not a trace of fear left."

That was one "god" the fewer. Many others had to be tackled and brought down. Here is the why-and-wherefore, in the words of Mr. Lumley. "The Aro-Chuku ju-ju was an oracle, served by its special priests. It was situated some thirty or forty miles from the right bank of the Cross River and about a hundred and twenty from the sea, and was so well known that its influence extended throughout the Delta and for many miles up the Niger itself. Its purposes were divination and detection. The priests would cause it to interpret dreams, foretell the future or decide whether accused persons were innocent or guilty. They gave out that in order to make it function fresh human blood was needed. Of course, these services cost something; and the fees demanded were generally paid in slaves, who were believed by those who brought them to be sacrificed to the ju-ju. This, however, was not carried out on the majority of occasions, because the priests found it more profitable to dispose of the victims otherwise." Briefly, they took advantage of the native custom which decreed that a defunct ruler must be accompanied to the place of his future stewardship by a Court proper to his earthly rank and saw to it that those servitors were present in the shape of slaughtered slaves purchased for the purpose, unlucky offerings whose heads were buried by the grave of the great one and whose bodies were consumed by

"Ju-ju and Justice in Nigeria." Told by Frank Hives and Written Down by Gascoigne Lumley. With Eighteen Illustrations and a Sketch-map (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 128, 6d, net.)

Mr. Hives busied himself again. An oracle called Kamalu, after the priest who "ran" it, became sanguinarily active. The Commissioner tracked it down and, as the drums were beaten and the song of the slaying rose above the screams, he strode into a moonlit clearing. Then he "rushed" the offending hut. Passing an inner door flanked by German oleographs framed in jawless skulls—traded pictures of "Christ Walking on the Sea" and "Lazarus being Raised from the Dead"—he entered a tunnel hung with bells; and at the other end of it, in the innermost chamber, was a fire. The officiating Kamalu was lit by the flames, his face invisible under the fibre-rope' dress that be-devilled him, his eyes flashing, his twisted mouth grinning to bare the yellow fangs within, his one hand wielding a crimsoned cutlass, his other a wand whose gummy stem held human teeth, cowrie shells, and the skulls of kids, and whose top was "a human skull to which the lower jaw had been loosely tied, so that when the sceptre was shaken the teeth rattled together, giving the impression that the dead thing was talking." And on either side of the burning pile was an iron pot with two human heads simmering in it, the heads of those whose mangled bodies lay upon the ground. The naked dancers pranced about a captive lashed to a tree. The ju-ju was at the feet of the seated high priest. It was "a sphere, about six feet in circumference, composed of all sorts of rubbish stuck together with a kind of wax. In it were bits of human skulls, teeth, finger and toe bones, bloodstained rags, feathers from various birds and egg-shells. Its weight might have been twenty pounds." A fearsome thing to the believers, but not potent enough to withstand Abaja-Aka, "the Hairy -armed Man"; Itchuena, "the Scorpion," who had the power of the White behind him. Kamalu took to his heels, but he was more hampered than his company, and was caught; so that, snarling and bellowing, he was carried to his trial—he would not walk! Eventually, after having been a most unwilling hostage an

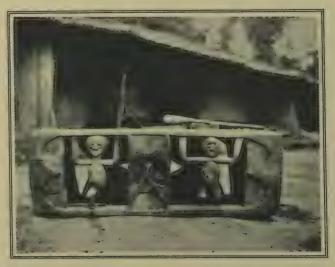
years', under the Witchcraft Ordmance. Thus one spirit of evil was driven forth. Mr. Hives had to exorcise many another.

The Imo was a ju-ju river. The Aros dominated it, and crocodiles, iguanas, and boaconstrictors were held holy, for any one of them might be a metamorphosised trader - priest!

There was, in particular, a very bad "branch" ju-ju, Nkuku. It was found behind a semicircular stone barrier that looked like a fort.

Seeking he knew not what, Mr. Hives saw a pool, and in it a baleful crocodile, bloated, huge, and staring. He shot it and, later, he learnt the truth. "I found out afterwards," he says, "that this 'sacred' crocodile was regularly fed on human flesh, and got nothing else—except it oceasionally ate a bat. Pairs of victims had to be supplied monthly by various towns, hence the children chosen for the purpose. It was the elder of the pair, as a rule, who was bound and thrown over the wall; the younger being taken away to some bush market, and there sold as a slave, eventually being slaughtered at the obsequies of some old chief."

The same river witnessed the abduction of virgins



BEATEN AT THE HOUR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE: A JU-JU DRUM FROM THE SOUTHERN NIGERIA OF BRITISH PIONEERING DAYS.

Illustrations from "Ju-ju and Justice in Nigeria," by Courtesy of the Publishers;
Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head.

who were "sworn in" horribly as priestesses of the Aforalum ju-ju, were initiated in manner here unmentionable, and were then made dwellers in a street of mud-and-wattle houses, a road of ill-fame trodden by men who brought with them as tokens—and receipts—tail-feathers of fish eagles which franked them into the huts for the night, "by the ju-ju's orders."

"I can tell you it took some doing," says the narrator modestly enough, when recording a march of simulated unconcern during which he would not flatter an enemy by glancing back, although he expected a matchet to cut into his neck at any moment. But he did it, as part of his duty, and he did it every time, whatever threatened

It would be absurd to suggest that he was without fear—the bravest man is the man who feels fear but defies it—but always he conquered it. It came as sequel to many things. The hostility of the obeah men and their "congregations" was by no means the most paralysing of the perils to be countered. Very, very often there was the unclean—the nauseating dead and the stricken living, dirt and decay, stench and blood, the flaring faggot and the stake—and there was a day on which the Commissioner himself stood before the three-legged iron pot in which it was proposed to boil him. Very, very often there was superstition so potent that to defeat it seemed a task beyond a Hercules—the Commissioner gave a judgment akin to that of Solomon, and found the opposing "mothers" more than ready and willing to halve the child, with the joyous assistance of the witnesses and onlookers before the Bench! Very, very often, the eeriness of the wilds formed an aura about him—there is the case of the resthouse in what had been the sacrificial grove of a ju-ju; invisible hands drew back a chair and then a leprous would be absurd to suggest that he was without



CHIEF EXPLOITER OF A FETISH: THE HEAD PRIEST OF A JU-JU.

something climbed from ground to roof, a scrambling, crawling foulness no bullet could harm—the spirit, so it was said, of the ju-ju priest, long food for dogs, who had hanged himself from the ridge pole; and there is the story of the Snake Curse, of the beldame who threatened a plague of serpents and, it would seem, kept her word, for the Commissioner, who had never seen a poisonous reptile in his part of the country, began to find them everywhere, on his bed, in his boots, in his office, on his mosquito curtain, with the result that he had to lecture and warn—and exhibit his own personal ju-ju as sign of his ascendancy! "I told her," he narrates, "that if ever she was foolish enough to attempt any more tricks on me, or on anyone else, or call down any of her useless curses, I would see that she was bitten by teeth worse than any snake's, which would follow her wherever she went. Following on these words I waved my arms several times above my head so that all could see, and took out my dental plates, with their two rows of shining teeth, and snapped them a couple of feet from the frightened witch's face, then put them on the top of the post for all to see. That did the business. With a yell of terror and a jump that I should not have thought possible for one so aged, the old thing was on her feet and legging it as hard as she could, most of the crowd following her."

Thus, with courage, common-sense, justice—and

her."

Thus, with courage, common-sense, justice—and certain conjurations—a pioneer did his Empire work. To him, and to others akin to him, is due the fact that the Nigeria that was familiar to him, the Nigeria about Bende—primitive, pagan; executing by fire, with blade, and by all-devouring ants; reddened with the blood of human sacrifice; sighing with the sobs of slaves; Nigeria the fetish-ridden—is no more, and has been succeeded by a land that is as modern as may be and a great deal safer to traverse than a one-way London street! "The bush native has become a respectable citizen... The white man is greeted with a smile, the flashing of eyes and the gleam of white teeth being accompanied by a cheery 'Good-marnin', sar.' All are happy and contented, whereas their fathers before them lived precarious lives, eating one another, and never knowing which would be the next victim for the sacrificial tree or the cooking pot."

Thanks be to the "old birds," most of them now

Thanks be to the "old birds," most of them now "on the other side" or in a reticent retirement in the home country—Frank Hives not the least of them, yet typical of all; and thanks to "Ju-ju and Justice" for being so excellent and entertaining a Remembrancer!

E. H. G.

UNTUTORED MAN AS ARCHITECT: "EPSTEINISH" EDIFICES ABROAD.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE MILWAUKEE PUBLIC MUSEUM, ONE OF WHOSE EXHIBITS IT IS; THE SECOND BY DE COU, SUPPLIED BY EWING GALLOWAY.



BEARING A DECORATION THAT SUGGESTS THE CICATRICES FAVOURED BY CERTAIN AFRICAN TRIBES: A MASAI HOUSE—ITS "SIDEWAYS" ENTRANCE ON THE LEFT;
NEAR THE CENTRE.

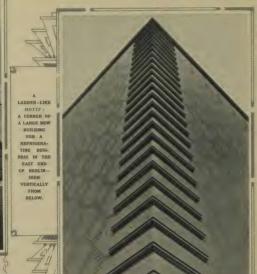


A STRUCTURE WHOSE USE IS BY NO MEANS APPARENT AT FIRST GLANCE: A STRANGELY-DESIGNED ADOBE CHURCH, AT RANCHO DE TAOS, IN NEW MEXICO, WHOSE BUILDERS "JUST GUESSED AT EVERYTHING."

From time to time, we have published in "The Illustrated London News" photographs depicting modern architecture of an original nature; edifices set up by much-tutored Man, and notable for being all-angles, or all-arcs, or all-what-not! Nor have we boycotted those "Epsteinish" efforts which may be regarded as a return to the untutored, and often to the primitive African. On the two following pages, we give further examples. Here, reversing the process, we reproduce specimens of architecture by untutored Man—a Masai house, and an adobe church

in New Mexico. The former marks an interesting phase of the work of one of the peoples of the chief Nilo-Hamitic group, a people who have for years been a good deal in "the news," particularly as spearers of lions. As to the latter, a correspondent writes: "This subject would serve as a good illustration for a guessing contest! It happens to be a church, at Rancho de Taos. The walls and flying-buttresses seem to have been built without a builder's rule or spirit-level—the builders just guessed at everything!"

MUCH TUTORED MAN AS ARCHITECT: BUILDINGS, HERE SEEN

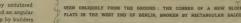


AN EFFECTIVE TREATMENT OF PARALLEL CURVES: CORNER BALCONIES OF A BLOCK OF FLATS IN CHARLOTTENBURG, A SUBURB OF BERLIN.



SUGGESTING THE MAST AND SAILS OF A SQUARE-RIGGED SHIP: THE JUNCTION OF TWO WINGS OF A NEW BUILDING IN THE RESIDENTIAL QUARTER OF BERLIN.

ON another page in this number we illustrate architecture by untutored Man-a Masal house with a curious "cicatrice" decoration; and an angular adobe church, at Rancho de Taos, in New Mexico, apparently set up by builders innocent of rules and spirit levels! Here, by way of contrast, we show some



general tendency in modernist architecture, apparent, with certain local variations, both in Europe and the United States. The fantastic effects in these photographs

are, of course, largely due to the angle from which they are taken, looking upward vertically or obliquely from the ground. It may be pointed out also that

examples of architecture by much-tutored Man. The particular buildings shown above are all in Berlin, but they may be considered as altogether typical of a

SEEN OBLIQUELY FROM THE GROUND : THE CORNER OF A NEW BLOCK OF FLATS IN THE WEST END OF BERLIN, BROKEN BY RECTANGULAR BALCONIES.

STRIKING EFFECTS IN MODERN FROM UNUSUAL ANGLES.



THE IMPRESSIVE EFFECT OF PLAIN CURVES WITH DEEP INDENTATIONS IN THE DESIGN OF A CORNER: A MODERN BLOCK OF FLATS IN CHARLOTTENBURG—A VERTICAL ASPECT.



ANGLE: PART OF A MODERN BUILDING IN BERLIN DESIGNED ON BOLD RECTANGULAR LINES.



THE "SHELF" TYPE OF BALCONY: AN EXAMPLE OF UNSUPPORTED PROJECTIONS RENDERED POSSIBLE BY THE USE OF REINFORCED CONCRETE—THE CORNER OF A NEW BERLIN BUILDING, SEEN FROM BELOW.

the structure of modern buildings is largely governed by considerations of utility and hygiene; especially the need for the fullest provision of light and air: while many novelties of design are due to the new possibilities opened up by the use of modern materials, such as steel framework and

reinforced concrete. In a recent issue, it may be recalled, we illustrated a church built entirely of steel and glass. An interesting account of these new tendencies in building design is to be found, with abundant illustrations, in a recent book entitled "Modern Architecture," by Bruno Taut, published by the Studio, Ltd. The author is himself one of the best-known among modern German architects. He gives numerous examples of recent work in Europe and America.

BATH - ROOM BEAUTIFUL.

WALLS OF MIRRORS,
ALUMINIUM,

AND MOSAIC GLASS.

Mirrored walls and ceiling, where before no full-length looking-glass was tolerated, prove how great is the emancipation of the bath-room. Illustrated on this page are a few of the latest ideas of decoration, perfectly interpreted. They introduce, besides the mirrored walls, rivals in gleaming aluminium, painted marble, and a glittering mosaic-work of glass, which replace triumphantly the unimaginative white tiles and Spartan ugliness of the last century.



A SUGGESTION FOR A SMALL BACHELOR FLAT: THE BATH IS ENCASED IN MARBLE, AND THE SURROUNDING DADO TREATMENT IS OF SPECIALLY TREATED GLASS. AT THE GAZEWAY, KINGSTON.



ALUMINIUM AND BLACK MARBLE: AN EFFECTIVE COLOUR-SCHEME OF SILVER-GREY AND BLACK, CARRIED OUT BY WARING AND GILLOW, THE FLOOR IS OF ALUMINIUM SHEETING AND THE WALLS OF PLYMAX.



THE ATTRACTIVE FITTED-BASIN IN THE ALUMINIUM BATH-ROOM: ONE OF THE PRACTICAL AND DECORATIVE FITTINGS IN THE ROOM ABOVE ON THE RIGHT.



GLITTERING MOSAIC-WORK OF PINK, SILVER, AND BLÂCK, CARRIED OUT
ENTIRELY IN MIRRORED GLASS: A BEAUTIFUL BATH-ROOM DESIGNED BY
PAUL FOLLOT, A LEADER OF MODERN ART IN PARIS, AND ACHIEVED BY
WARING AND GILLOW. THE TILED FLOOR AND OUTER CASING OF THE
BATH REPEATS EXACTLY THE SAME COLOUR-SCHEME.







LUXURIOUS NECESSITIES FOR
THE WELL-EQUIPPED BATHROOM: PERFUMED EAUX DE
TOILETTE, CRYSTALS, SPONGE,
AND SOAP, FROM FLORIS, THE
CELEBRATED PARFUMEUR, OF
89, JERMYN STREET, W.



A MAN'S BATH-ROOM IN BLACK, RED, AND WHITE: THE BATH AND RECESS ARE ENTIRELY IN BLACK, AND THE FLOOR IS OF BLACK RUBBER PATTERNED IN RED AND WHITE. THE SILVER DOORS ARE DECORATED IN RED, BLACK, AND WHITE, AND THE CURTAINS ARE OF RED SHINY AMERICAN CLOTH. THIS BATH-ROOM, NOW TO BE SEEN AT WARING AND GILLOW'S, OXFORD STREET, W., WAS ORIGINALLY EXHIBITED IN THE MODERN ART EXHIBITION.



VENETIAN MIRRORS CONTRASTED WITH CORAL MARBLE: A WONDERFUL BATH-ROOM WITH MIRRORED WALLS ON WHICH THE DELICATE DESIGNS ARE PICKED OUT IN BLUE IN THE MANNER OF THE CELEBRATED VENETIAN WORK. DESIGNED AND CARRIED OUT BY FRYERS, OF HENRIETTA STREET, W. THE BATH AND FITTINGS ARE OF CORAL-COLOURED MARBLE.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

THAT there exists a strong affinity between music and poetry has always been recognised. The classical Greek drama was a combination of poetry and music, and rhythm is just as essential an element in the one as in the other. such an isolated giant as Dante, English poetry is the greatest the world has produced since the days of the ancient Greeks. This is not a dogmatic, individual statement, it is as universally recognised as the German pre-eminence in music during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—although Italy runs Germany a close second in the history of music even in modern times, and was the greatest musical country before the rise of the great German school.

The very fact that England, which has produced the greatest European poets since the time of Shakespeare, has produced no crop of musicians of comparable stature, is in itself possibly evidence of the close association of music and poetry, for it may be that the creative genius at the bottom of these two forms of expression is so much the same that it must take one or the other form exclusively. If this were so, it would then be natural to find that a country which, like England, had produced such a tremendous harvest of poetry would show great scientific achievements, but only an insignificant production of music. And this is exactly what the history of our country discloses.

Men of letters, as a rule, do not care for music. Many of our greatest prose writers were quite insensible to it, and there is a type of mind, a legal literary type, which is completely alien to both music and poetry. On the other hand, our greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton, were passionately devoted to music, and their works are full of references to music. Milton was himself something of a musician, and, as is well known, his masque "Comus" was written to be set to music by friend Henry Lawes, and was performed at Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas night, 1634. It is not so well known that Milton's father was a musician and a composer, many of whose compositions were published in his lifetime.

It is, however, only among the less considerable poets that we find men who were, like Campion and Thomas Moore, both poets and composers; apart from poets such as these, who composed the tunes to their verses, there is to be detected in a great

number of poems a definite tune in the sense of a rhythmic pattern which suggests a musical tune. An extremely interesting book upon the relation-ship of poetry and music has just been written by Miss Katherine M. Wilson, entitled "The Real Rhythm in English Poetry," published by the Aberdeen University Press. Miss Wilson says: "A poet does in some intangible way force us to hear the accent he writes, inexplicable except that he writes obeying the law of some rhythmic impulse." But he does not write to a system any more than the musician does: "The foundation of music," says Miss Wilson, "is a melody in the head of the composer. Even serious people have momentary lapses when they think the composer chooses a key and writes down its signature; then a time for his bar, and writes that down; then proceeds to invent a melody to fit the arbitrarily chosen key and bar Such an idea is fantastic . . . in order to write out his melody for others to read, the composer proceeds to discover the key and time of his melody.

The same is true of writing poetry, especially lyric poetry, which is most closely related to musical melody, and Miss Wilson packs her book with examples of verse and stanzas from our English poets, which she writes out with a musical notation which she writes out with a musical notation underneath to denote the rhythm. Unlike many prosodists who essay comparisons between poetry and music, Miss Wilson has some real understanding and technical knowledge of music. She has also a sensitive ear—a gift which by no means goes always with technical knowledge. We, therefore, do not find her making the fundamental every of most find her making the fundamental error of most prosodists—that of trying to reduce rhythm to a

prosodists—that of trying to reduce rhythm to a cast-iron system, but she freely acknowledges the complexity of real rhythm, and the fact that it is made up of a number of factors. Thus she writes:

"One big difficulty remains, a difficulty that stamps all prosody, or is, at any rate, particularly obstinate in experimental prosody—the problem of different readings. We cannot take the report of an experiment or any reading as final; we must know how the poem was read, if with an ear for its music, or merely for the significance of its meaning, if with sing-song effect or with intelligence.

I would have had her phrase this a little differently, but her sense is clear. It is doubtful, however, from these words whether Miss Wilson herself is fully aware of the manifold nature of poetical and musical expression and comprehension. An extraordinary interplay of vowel and consonantal accord and

discord takes place in much of the best poetry, all of which has its subtle effect upon the rhythm. Indeed, this may be justly compared with the effect of harmony on rhythm, which in the case of all comolex music becomes very great. Nevertheless, Miss Wilson shows that the root of the matter is in her when she writes: "The real poetry is that which the ear hears when the lips are dumb. We could never expect to have the music of our own silent reading reproduced audibly; it is more beautiful than any sound that ever was mortal; and this music heard in the silent ear is the material of the prosodian, material that can never be analysed by mechanical experiment or psychological investigation."

Precisely the same may be said of music, and there are musicians who declare that the ideal way to enjoy music is to read it from the score; but this silent hearing, whether of poetry or of music, can only rest upon a foundation of actual audible sounds. At some time the reader must have heard the syllables and words pronounced and the tones played, and have become so familiar with them that he can hear them in his mind in all their minutize at will. The difficulty of reading poetry, or hearing it read aloud in such a way as to do justice to it, is exactly analogous to the difficulty of hearing music well played. The layman is apt to think that it is merely a question of learning, that a trained musician acquires a technique and, having acquired that technique, he is henceforward equipped to perform all music; and he is often astonished to find that this musical training can, by itself, do so little to make music intelligible to the hearer. It is extremely rare to hear a Beethoven pianoforte sonata played comprehendingly; just as rare as it is to hear an actor give an intelligent performance of Macbeth or Hamlet, or even Oberon. What we call "phrasing" varies enormously in sensitiveness from player to player, and the intellectual power which page light player, and the intellectual power which can link phrase to phrase in an unbroken, rhythmic curve is so rare that there are only one or two supreme musicians in a decade among all

the thousands of virtuosos who possess it.

And this is equally true of poetry. One has only to look at books by schoolmasters or university lecturers or professors of English literature, or to read the literary reviews, to find how many of themonce they leave the airy regions of abstract theory and begin to exhibit their knowledge of prosody by actually scanning verse—exhibit a complete lack of any real ear for verbal music.—W. J. Turner.



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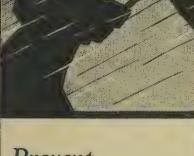
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"UNSPEAKABLE" VANDALISM IN CHINA.

(Continued from Page 94.)

in a great retaining wall of brick, built on a carved marble foundation, and some 18 ft. high by 30 ft. and enclosing an elliptical shaped artificial mound about 300 ft. on its major, and 200 ft. on its minor diameter, the summit of which is raised 50 ft. or 60 ft. above the marble tunnelled entrance-gate level On the summit of the wall above the entrance tunnel is a "tortoise" house with coloured roof, holding a carved and painted stele inscribed in Manchu, Mongol and Chinese, with the name, honours, and biographical details of the dead Empress. This building is surrounded on top of the wall by a platform, reached by two sets of marble stairs, and this in turn gives on to the summit of the tree-planted mound, under which lies the "Jewelled Chamber," or burial vault. Here the coffin rested, until that day when the vandals blew out the vast, iron-set marble doors at the tunnel's end and pulled the poor old lady's body out into the light of day.

This and all other royal tombs are built so that the far end of the mound backs into the base of hills, and is surrounded on both sides with marble waterways, numerous marble bridges, and great containing walls, the whole being precisely conventionalised so that each tomb is exactly alike in form, although each differs from the others in size and embellishments.

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To Correspondents.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.:

The Chess Editor heartily reciprocates the good wishes and seasonable greetings which he has received from correspondents in all corners of the world.

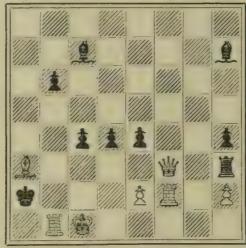
JOHN WAGSTAFFE (Barnsley).—You are to be congratulated that the age of thirteen you spotted the winning combination that roczy missed!

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 4057 and 4058 received from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4058 from J S Almeida (Bombay); of No. 4050 from A Carington Smith (Quebec), J S Almeida (Bombay), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), and Rev. W Scott (Elgin); of No. 4060 from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), John Hannan (Newburgh),

E Pinkney (Driffield), Julio Mond (Seville), H E McFarland (St. Louis) D E B London (Seattle), J M K Lupton (Richmond), H Richards (Hove), F N (Vigo), Fr. Fix (Birkenfeld), and Antonio Ferreira (Porto); and of No. 4061 from H Burgess (St. Leonards), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), J M K Lupton (Richmond), F N (Vigo), Fr. Fix (Birkenfeld), A Edmeston (Llandudno), John Wagstaffe (Barnsley) P J Wood (Wakefield), and H Richards (Hove).

ORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM NO. XXXV. received from J W Smedley (Brooklyn), G W H (Winthrop, Mass.), and R B Cooke (Portland, Me.); of No. XXXVI. from F N (Vigo), John Wagstaffe (Barnsley) (100%), and R S (Melrose) (75%); and of No. XXXVII from R S (Melrose), F N (Vigo), and John Wagstaffe (Barnsley)

PROBLEM No. 4062 .- By RUDOLF L'HERMET (SCHÖNEBECK). (Founded on a problem by J. C. J. Wainwright.) BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).
[In Forsyth Notation: 8; 2b4b; 1p6; 8; 2ppp2p; B4Q1r; k3PR1P; 1RK5.] White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4060.—By Edward Boswell (Lancaster).

Solution of Problem No. 4000.—BY LDWARD BOSWELL (LANCASTER).

[2B2S2; 5RPp; 4p2r; 5bkp; 4p2r; 4P1Pp; 1B3STK; 8—in two.]

Keymove: 1. PKt8=Kt [Pg8S].

If 1. — RKt3, 2. Kt×P(R7); if 1. — RB3, 2. B×R; if 1. —

BKt3, 2. Kt×P(K6); if 1. — BKt5, 2. Kt×P(K4); if 1. — RKt5,
2. Kt×P(R3); if 1. — RB5, 2. KP×R; and if 1. — PK4, 2. R×B.

Some solvers have pronounced the key move easy, but no better key is obtainable in this difficult task—a double-Grimshaw. As is often the case in task-problems, the difficulty and the interest lay rather in the construction than in the solving.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

COLD WEATHER AGAIN! HOW TO PROTECT YOUR ENGINE.

LTHOUGH it has been unusually long postponed this winter, our inevitable time of cold-weather troubles must be just upon us, and, with the bitter memories of the last two winters still active, owners all over the country are preparing to safeguard their water-jackets and radiators from costly damage and their engines from extravagant over-cooling. For our winter trouble is at least twin, and I am not sure which is the more detestable—the necessity for protecting an expensive piece of machinery, or the difficulty in making it go properly in frosty weather.

Keeping the Engine up to the Mark.

Assuming for the moment that by one means or another we have made radiator and water-jacket safe in the hardest frost, let us

consider the problem of making the over-cooled engine do its work as it should. For all engines, with hardly do its work as it should. For all engines, with hardly an exception, are over-cooled to-day—a very welcome relief from the horrors of only a few years ago, when most of them were under-cooled. The latter is practically incurable, but steps can be taken to deal with the former. It is not only a question of keeping the temperature of the water above a certain point. That can be easily arranged by means of a muff, but no muff will maintain the correct working heat, except when the car is being driven at a perfectly uniform speed, under uniform conditions—an impossible state of affairs. If the temperature is correct when the speed is high, it is fairly certain to be too high when the car is in traffic or compelled to a crawl for any period, and vice versa.

The Cost of Irregular Temperature. It is really important, from the point of view of adequate per-formance as well as economy, that the engine should not undergo

sudden and wide variations in temperature. It upsets the mixture and produces erratic running—which means, invariably, high fuel consumption, besides spoiling one's pleasure in the driving of it.





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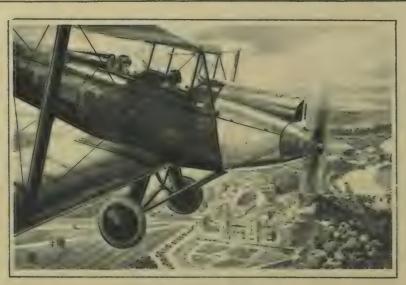
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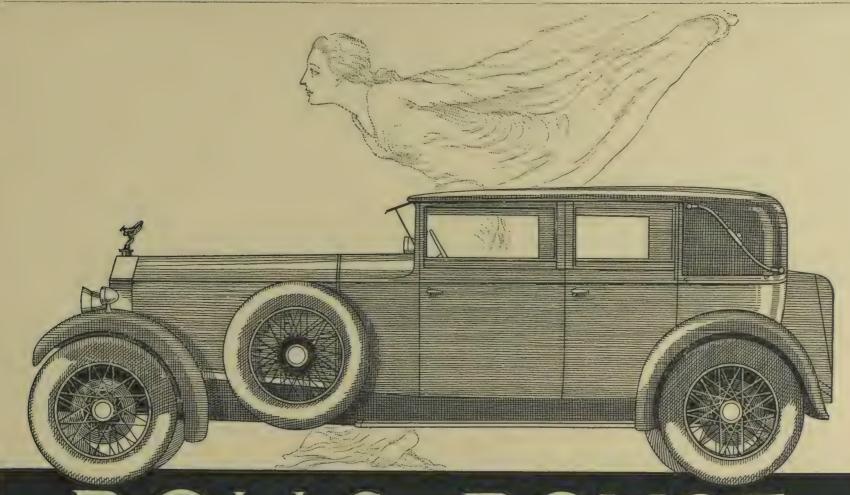
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The difference in output of an engine running at the right temperature and that of the same engine over cooled, can be almost incredible, and particularly noticeable in acceleration. Your chilly engine has no life and needs constant forcible feeding, as I heard it described the other day

How a Thermostat

The best way to overcome this trouble is to have some form of

Thermostat
Helps.

automatic thermostat fitted, in
which the valve can be set so as
to open and close late or early, according to the needs of the particular engine—for the odd thing is that, although theoretically all engines run best at just under boiling point, some of them do not. With this ccessory you must also keep handy a muff, as in frosty weather the action of the thermostat on a big radiator is apt to leave the bottom so cold as to expose it to the risk of freezing. Naturally, a decent radiator-thermometer is necessary, with the business end fixed as close as possible to the engine. With these three you can be pretty well certain of driving your car efficiently in the worst of weathers.

The Three Frost-Guards. For guarding against any damage by frost at night in unheated motor-houses, and when the car

is left standing outside for long periods, the oldest trick is the best—empty the water out. This is not always convenient, however, as I discovered to my disgust last winter, when I drained the system, and then found that the stand-pipe in the garage was frozen next morning, and I had to refill the radiator by hand, making a journey of three hundred yards for each jug of water. I must have walked a mile to get four-and-a-half gallons of water where I wanted When there is any risk of frozen pipes, and you dislike carrying brimming cans to and fro, use one or other of the anti-freezing mixtures.

and Another.

These are two—glycerine and calcium chloride. If you choose glycerine, be sure to mix it well

with the water before you put it in the radiator. About a pint per gallon of water will be enough to prevent freezing in any temperature likely to be met in these islands. No damage is done to the rubber connections, and there is no reasonable objection to its use. According to the R.A.C.'s periodical useful hints and tips, half a pound of calcium chloride added to each gallon of water will resist twelve degrees of frost. I have never tried it myself, but I have known it to act perfectly successfully



IN A LIMITED EDITION: "QUEEN LOUISE," ENGRAVED BY ELLEN JOWETT FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GUSTAVE RICHTER.

We reproduce here a beautiful example of mezzotint engraving by We reproduce here a beautiful example of mezzotint engraving by Miss Ellen Jowett, done from an original painting by Gustave Richter entitled "Queen Louise," now at Cologne. This mezzotint, measuring 20½ by 12½ in. (exclusive of margins), is published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, 26c, King Street, St. James's, in a limited edition of 325 signed artist's proofs, hand-printed in colour, one state only, at £12 12s, each. The plate is to be destroyed. Previous engravings by Miss Jowett, of which particulars may be had from the publishers, are mostly end out and fetch high prices. Thus her engraving of "Nature" mostly sold out and fetch high prices. Thus her engraving of "Nature," after Sir Thomas Lawrence, published at £4, is now valued at £65.

Safety in Rugs

Except in very severe frost, a great deal can be done to safe-guard one's engine and radiator

by means of rugs. Remember that the most exposed parts of rugs. Remember that the most exposed parts of engine and radiator are the lowest points, and begin by wrapping the latter tightly with really thick coverings, both inside as well as outside the bonnet. Put another rug all round the engine itself, or as many as there is room for, and then cover the lot with something like a good horse-blanket. It only takes a few minutes; but it only takes frost a second to split an expensive engine-block.

—And Out. For ordinary standing idle, I always prefer a big rug to a muff. If you can completely cover up your bonnet so that the warmth cannot escape from the louvres, you will keep the engine in an easy startable condition for several hours. Covering the radiator is only half the work, and you can make a job of it with a good thick rug big enough to project well below the radiator and cover the bonnet as far as the windscreen. They used to make combined radiator and bonnet muffs a few years ago, which were admirable things, but I have not seen any for a long time.

A final word of caution about this cold-weather business, and, Never Race the Engine. like the dodge of emptying the

radiator, a very worn one. Never, in any circumstances, race your engine to warm it up. Unless its bearings are so worn or its oil so thin that the lubricant is circulated freely as soon as the engine is started, you will take thousands of miles off its useful life by this destructive and noisy practice. You may quite as easily spoil it forever. Λ neighbour of mine evidently does not believe in this theory, and day after dently does not believe in this theory, and day after day I hear his miserable little engine being unmercifully raced from the instant it fires. It will not be long before I shall no longer hear it. For it will be in hospital with what doctors might call a malignant disease—the disease of running up interminable bills, coupled with incurable anæmia.

If you have a thermostat, tighten

How to Warm
Her Up.

Her Up.

If you have a thermostat, tighten up the valve as far as possible. Close all the openings of the muff, and put a rug over the bonnet. Then let the engine have a quarter of an hour's slow ticking-over. At the end of that time everything will be pleasantly warm, including the whole of the oil, which will have been pumped round until its temperature is the same all through. Then, and not till then, are you justified in putting your foot down on the pedal.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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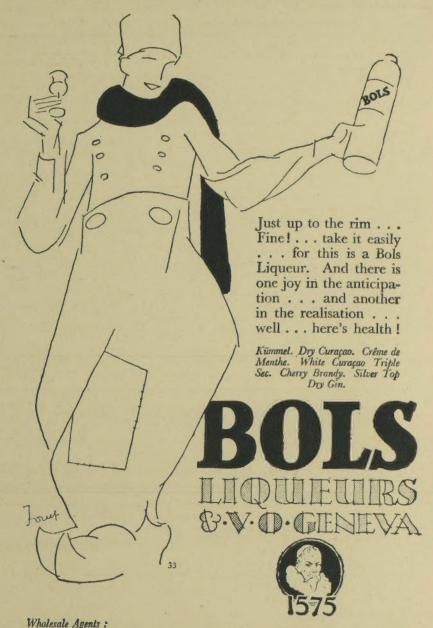
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SUPPRESSION OR LIMITATION OF WAR?

(Continued from Page 82.)
no longer respected civilians, women, or children. The deportation of the civil population in the invaded regions, the bombardment of open towns by long-range gun-fire or by aeroplanes, the lengthening of the list of contraband articles, the merciless struggle at sea to produce mutual starvation, caused participation in the dangers and suffering of war by millions of people who in former wars had been mere spectators. wars had been mere spectators.

That was what caused hatred to be heated to the boiling-point and made it so difficult to make peace. It was ten years before Europe became capable of considering the situation created by the World War as it really was, and not as passions over-excited by the atrocious struggle would have wished that it had been. The jurists of the eighteenth century said and repeated that in war one must never make use of too cruel means, because they exasperate the combatants and render peace impossible. We have been able to observe how absolutely right they were. The more future wars extend to the civil population, the more ferocious and eternal they will become. President Hoover is quite right. But if his proposal should be accepted, would it suffice to prevent the repetition of the atrocities which deluged such a large part of the world with blood ten years ago? Every day we are told that the future war will be fought by gigantic aeroplanes which will be able to throw bombs capable of annihilating whole towns in a day. . . . They tell us of poison gases able to destroy all living creation are the test some of this information may be exaggerated. That was what caused hatred to be heated to the in a day. . . . They tell us of poison gases able to destroy all living creatures throughout enormous areas. . . . We must hope that some of this information may be exaggerated. But there is no doubt that everything that is being vaguely

prepared in case of a future war seems to concern the civil population quite as much as the military. In the conception of modern warfare the civil populations are becoming increasingly the hostages of the Governments. The object is to frighten them, to oblige the Governments to give in.

In these conditions, it seems difficult to limit the ferocity of war. Of what use would it be to authorise the transport of provisions by sea if the belligerents reserved to themselves the right of killing women and children by poison gas or of burying them under the ruins of their houses? Yes, in making war also man has become the slave of the instruments which he has made; they are so overful that he can no longer master them. the slave of the instruments which he has made; they are so powerful that he can no longer master them. . . . By a shameful paradox, the limitation of war, which ought to be a much more simple and natural operation, is to-day far harder than its actual suppression, which at first sight might appear as an unrealisable Utopia, a revolt against history and the laws of life. To suppress war among Cain's descendants! Is it really to be thought of seriously? That is the protest made by those who take the word "suppression" too literally. But in reality the problem is simpler than it appears to be. Why was the World War such a catastrophe? Because there were among the belligerents at least six Powers who were capable of making almost a superhuman effort in blood, arms, and money. Wars like the one waged during recent months between China and Russia are not capable of troubling the world's balance despite all the perfections of military technique of which both enemies made use.

But the great Powers which are capable of transforming war into a general cataclysm are not very numerous;

four or five at most. They were more numerous before the war, but two of them, Russia and Austria, have disappeared. On the day on which those four or five Powers agreed not to make war on each other, war would be suppressed in the only way in which it can or ought to be suppressed. There might still be wars like that fought last autumn between China and Russia, but they would be little localised wars, sometimes on one subject and sometimes on another, like those which have always troubled the world. The danger of an apocalyptical shock, like that from which we suffered in 1914, would be eliminated. War would once more become an intermittent, but ordinary, that from which we suffered in 1914, would be eliminated. War would once more become an intermittent, but ordinary, incident of history. That is the true reason why the pourparlers in London are so important. It is not only the question of the seas and armaments which they will discuss, but also, and I am tempted to say above all, it is the question of the relations of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers. Why is the world still so disquieted after ten years of peace? It is not because Russia and China, or Rulgaria and Yugo Slavia are not agreed. It is because ten years of peace? It is not because Russia and China, or Bulgaria and Yugo-Slavia, are not agreed. It is because they are not yet sure that the World War has definitely settled the long struggle between France and Germany which was let loose by the French Revolution, and because that war created a difficult, tense condition between England and the United States full of mutual district.

There are people who believe that a definite reconciliation between France and Germany is possible to-day; there are people who think that the actual peace is nothing but a truce. . . . There are people who see in the Anglo-American discords nothing but passing clouds; others who dread that that discord will one day result in an enormous war. In both cases it is a mere question of conjecture, but, so long as the uncertainties implied by these conjectures have not disappeared, the world is right to be anxious. It would always have to dread a conflict between these two Powers which would be capable of overthrowing the world. What is called the suppression of war is in reality a solid agreement between the four or five Powers who are still capable of devastating the world by their conflicts. On the day on which we no longer had to dread a war between France and Germany, the United States and England, with all the formidable complications which it would entail, the condition of the whole world would be greatly simplified. If there were still a danger of wars, they would be little wars, of short duration and localised like that between China and Russia. They could easily be prevented or localised. China and Russia. They could easily be prevented or localised.

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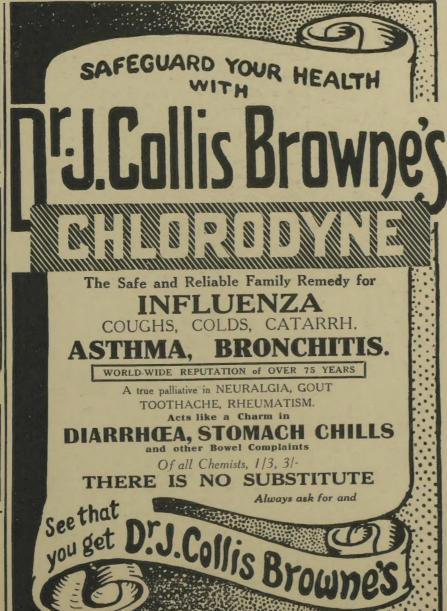
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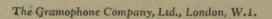
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